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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

A Religious Coronation

THERE could be no doubt that the ceremony of crowning King George VI and his gracious Consort in Westminster Abbey on May 12th was essentially and thoroughly religious. The place, the officiating prelates of the Establishment, the ritual followed, the specific promises made by the King, took their whole meaning from their intimate relation to the purposes of Almighty God. At this most solemn moment of his reign, the Monarch was in the hands, not of his supreme Parliament, his faithful Lords and Commons, but of the clergy of the Establishment of which he is the earthly Head. Some of the lay Lords, it is true, performed minor hereditary functions, but His Majesty's Ministers merely looked on. Thanks to wireless, the audience of the Abbey ceremony was literally world-wide, and it was an odd experience to follow the solemn words of prayer and anthem either in the solitude of one's room or amongst the multitudes picnicking in Hyde Park. For this public and formal recognition of the sovereignty of Him by whom Kings reign and of the need of His providential help, we cannot be too grateful. Even if the service lacked the tremendous Reality involved in the Service of Thanksgiving next day in Westminster Cathedral, when Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop in presence of the Papal Envoy, Protestant England on the occasion gave of its religious best, and struck a high note of spirituality, welcome in an age when the world is increasingly "too much with us."

Unless the Lord build the City . . .

OVER wide spaces of the civilized world this note could not have been sounded. France, Germany, Russia and "Soviet" Spain are all ruled by men who have thrown off, more or less directly, their allegiance to God. The French Premier, who is the proprietor of a virulent anti-religious

paper, has lately used his high position to give renewed vogue in France, and to have disseminated in English, a book which, in defiance of God's law, recommends free-love. Herr Hitler has made a German God to his own image and likeness, and will recognize no other. Comrade Stalin lately exhorted all Soviet youth, if they wish to be "true communists and genuine revolutionaries," to become convinced atheists, and Señor Azaña is doing his little best to deChristianize Catholic Spain. All minor differences of political outlook and aims amongst this portentous quartet are dwarfed by what makes them one—their common blasphemous repudiation of the Creator and His revelation through Christ. It is in the poisoned atmosphere created by such unbelievers that other politicians and statesmen have to deliberate for the welfare of their peoples. What wonder that little good comes out of Geneva where there is no recognition of common moral principles and where an uninspired and shifting expediency is all that can be invoked. How can the shaky foundations of civilization ever be rebuilt when so many of the chief builders are trying to undermine them further? If this country and America—France under its communist Government is at present out of the picture—wish to save free institutions from the tyranny of the godless, they must try to make prevail in their policies that reliance upon God and that regard for His law which the Coronation service, no less than the President's Inauguration, so explicitly professed. It is the height of folly to hope to secure human liberties whilst ignoring the service due to the All-High God.

Two Appeals to Youth

AMONGST exponents of that supreme foolishness, Joseph Stalin, ex-seminarist, may rightly claim pre-eminence. We have already mentioned his satanic advice to Soviet youth to become convinced militant atheists like himself, on pain of being traitors to the Revolution and the communist Dictatorship. The infinite patience of God tolerates the wicked for His own wise ends, because His Omnipotence can bring good out of evil, and there are signs that even in Russia the stupidity of atheism is overreaching itself. Still this country has to remain in political association with that apostle of atheism, and this very fact unhappily serves to infect religious and social thinking. An Anglican dignitary, who is proud to proclaim himself a "friend of

Soviet Russia," announces from his pulpit, unashamed, that atheism is in some odd fashion real religion. Yet he is not inhibited from preaching: he is not even publicly rebuked by his diocesan; the very elastic "comprehensiveness" of his Church will not exclude "Christians" of his kind—for he is not the only one. It is a relief to turn to the words of one whose good manners have never been corrupted by evil associations. Like Stalin, Mr. Baldwin has been addressing youth, the youth of the British Commonwealth, when, with a boldness rare amongst modern statesmen, he proclaimed himself a Christian, with a belief in "the essential dignity of the individual human soul," that is denied by every form of the servile State. It is a pity that he should have proclaimed this conviction, which after all is a basic principle of the worldwide Catholic religion, as an "English secret." If so, the wage-slavery in which so many of our workers live shows how limited is its range, and indicates that the speaker had momentarily lost sight of our imperfect economic system. But apart from that bit of "flag-wagging," excusable perhaps in the circumstances, the call to youth to live a life of service, inspired by duty and not selfishness, and animated by love of the brethren, all children of the same Almighty Father, was a note of genuine Christianity too seldom heard from our lay-leaders. It is doubtless well that the Catholic truth that human liberty, political and civil as well as religious, depends on the freedom wherewith Christ makes us free, should be endorsed, albeit not quite adequately, by a prominent statesman, but Mr. Baldwin should not be allowed to stand alone.

And a Third

HOWEVER, what was wanting in clearness in Mr. Baldwin's address on May 18th, was abundantly made good by our Archbishop's discourse to Catholic youth, delivered next day at the Westminster Coronation Thanksgiving Service. The supreme value of the human soul, it was therein pointed out, lies in its being made after God's image, and being destined for immortal life with its Maker. The service of man, and the devotion to duty, extolled by Mr. Baldwin, get their real value and find their inspiration in the Second Commandment, which is only another aspect of the First. Not merely, therefore, as heirs of the accumulated wisdom of civilization, but as living Temples of the Holy

Spirit and members of Christ's Mystical Body, are the children of God worthy of reverence and love. In a word, unless this life is shot through with the knowledge and anticipation of the life to come, men, rebels against God, will continue to enslave and exploit their fellows. As for the wild agitators for liberty, behind whom lurk the shadows of the Hitlers and the Stalins, the Archbishop proffers the simple remedy of St. Peter—live ever as upright Catholics, for so the example of your good lives will silence "the ignorance of foolish men."

Papal Courtesy and Official Discourtesy

THE Papal Envoy, Mgr. Pizzardo, admirably fulfilled his task of bearing the Holy Father's congratulations to their Majesties, and was much gratified by the cordiality of his reception. Alas, as so often on such occasions, officialdom, acting through the Home Secretary, managed to spoil the completeness of the homage of Catholic citizens to the King by banning on technical grounds the felicitations which our hierarchy, in the name of their people, were anxious to offer to the Throne. It is strange that the officials of a country, of whose freedom from intolerance Mr. Baldwin boasted, should not be able to get rid of a certain anti-Catholic complex in these matters. A similar ban for the same reasons prevented the Catholic Bishops from presenting an address on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, forty years ago, and more recently, when they wished to mark in the same fashion the Jubilee of King George V. The objection rests on the pretext that our Bishops have no exclusive claim to the title "Catholic," yet, when Cardinal Vaughan suggested "Catholic and Roman," which no one else claims, his amendment was not accepted. Again, officialdom complains that "use is made in the signatures of territorial designations which cannot be recognized in official communications." But since the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was formally repealed in 1871, our Bishops can surely call themselves what they like, and it is no business of the secular State to interfere in what is entirely an ecclesiastical matter. Hence, it was surely as an Anglican Churchman and not as a lay politician that, in 1901, Mr. Ritchie, the Home Secretary, objected that "the words Catholic and Roman Church in England . . . would imply our recognition that your Church was the *one* Catholic Church in England, whereas it is our contention that

this is the correct designation of *our* Church." ¹ Who, pray, are you?—the Cardinal might well have asked. This identification of the Government of the day with the Church of England seems to be an implicit denial of the full citizenship of all non-Anglicans, Nonconformists as well as Catholics.

Where Officialdom is at Fault

BUT there is another and stronger refutation of the present Home Secretary's plea that the Catholic hierarchy's "territorial designations" cannot be officially recognized. They are and have been constantly so recognized. A donation to "A.B. the Archbishop of Westminster, or to the present holder of the See," is perfectly valid in law and would be upheld in the English Courts. Further, we believe that when, during the lifetime of Cardinal Bourne, the Government were occasionally anxious to enlist his services in some quasi-diplomatic capacity, they did not then hesitate to give him his full ecclesiastical title—a usage which obtained under Cardinal Manning and which still survives. The Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and "No. 10 Downing Street" itself have all been guilty of this lapse from official probity! It is sad that any bureaucrat should think fit to wrap himself in the discredited rags of Protestant Ascendancy, on an occasion when good-will for the King seeks spontaneous expression from all his subjects. We prefer, as more honest, the amusing bigotry of the Secretary of the "Scottish Protestant League" who, as noted in *The Tablet* (May 22nd), apologized to his supporters for having unavoidably had to cancel a part of their Coronation celebration arrangements, viz., the burning of an effigy of the Pope!

Merrie England Again?

THE elaborate pageantry arranged for the Royal Procession of May 12th and the immense crowds of Londoners and visitors which gathered to witness it, betoken more than one thing. First, a genuine feeling of loyalty, which survives in the multitude, for a man of high character whom they recognize as one above party and all its self-seeking, narrowness, confusion and unreliability, and as, therefore, worthy of homage. Secondly, it represented a vast commercial device to make money circulate and benefit trade: very little of the enormous expenditure it occasioned on stands,

¹ See "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," Vol. II, p. 234.

decorations and the like has gone to the permanent enrichment of the country. And thirdly we realize the immense relief our industrialized masses experience at anything which breaks the grey monotony of their lives and gives them a chance of seeing something bright and new. Ordinarily they suffer from "suppressed merriment" and thus try pathetically to make the most of such unwonted occurrences. The adornment of the "mean streets" of slumdom was a notable instance of a natural desire to escape even for a day or so from a depressing reality. Some sort of a return to life of that colour which was destroyed long ago by utilitarianism and money-making, and which showed itself in men's clothing as well as in architecture, seems to be eminently desirable. The long military procession was itself less beautiful than it could have been, for it carried not a single standard. When we think of similar displays in Munich or Vienna or Rome; indeed, when we occasionally meet here a parade of the girls of "The Grail," who have long recognized the spiritual benefit of gay and beautiful surroundings, we realize of how much we are deprived by the commercial spirit.

The Bus Strike

THE worker who cannot strike is a slave: seek for him in the purely Totalitarian State which guarantees his subsistence in return for his labour. The capacity to resist industrial oppression by downing tools is a normal constituent of freedom. But the use of that right must be tempered by other considerations. By the claims of charity, if striking means the grievous inconvenience of the neighbour: by the claims of justice, if the worker is bound, either by a free formal contract, or by that implicit contract which consists in holding a monopoly, not to strike without due notice. The bearing of these reflections on the late bus strike is obvious enough. The men as a whole may be acquitted of having wished to blackmail the public by striking on the eve of the Coronation: they observed the legal forms of their contract; their grievances, long unattended to, whilst mainly concerned with excessive strain and over-long hours, were serious enough to merit the appointment of a court of inquiry, and the decision of that court that there were real grounds for a further and fuller independent investigation, pending the findings of which the men should, without prejudice, return to work, was eminently reasonable. Here was a chance for

wise leadership: immediate acceptance of the decision would have left the men's cause no weaker, saved their funds from the loss of £100,000 or so, and relieved the travelling public from serious hardships which pressed most heavily on the poorest. Whatever mistrust of their employers the busmen may have felt, the weight of public opinion on their side, had they decided to return at once, would have greatly reinforced their case. As things were, the manifold inconveniences to which the public were exposed were very patiently borne, even in the face of efforts made to induce the other transport men to break their contracts. But the limits of patience were close at hand. "Health against Dividends" is a powerful plea enough. But the communist attempt to supplant "Health" by the "Class-war" would soon have ruined them.

The Basque Children

THE evacuation of the Basque children from Bilbao and district has all the appearance of an anti-Nationalist move, since means of providing for their safety in some neutral area in their home-land could have been provided much more easily, and since there was no such scare about risks to the children of Madrid. If we take a leaf out of Mr. Hollis's recent book and, remembering that "Foreigners aren't Fools," try a continental view of the British Government and Press, we shall probably learn that our interest in Bilbao arises from its being a valuable source of the iron-ore that we need, and that, without actually violating the three-mile limit we sheltered the blockade-runners by getting between them and Franco's ships. It will, again, be only less obvious that British hand-grenades and other munitions managed to hide among the provisions conveyed to the starving Basques. In our Press these latter are represented, in order to excite wrath against the Nationalists, as being one and all Catholics and on the side of their communist brothers. The truth is that many Basques have lost the Faith, and of the rest General Franco can claim almost as many as the Reds can.¹ Those misguided separatists have blindly identified their racial rights and claims with their Faith, against the warnings and denunciations of their spiritual guides, the Bishops. They are the victims of an insensate nationalism which prevents them from realizing their betrayal of religion. But for their resistance

¹ See "The Divisions among the Basques," *The Tablet*, May 8th, p. 661. In the last election 33 per cent voted Red.

the forces of the Nationalists would long ago have been free to complete the rescue of Catholic Spain from the atheists who still hold a moiety of it. Meanwhile, several thousands of the poor Basque children have been landed on our shores: we learn with some misgiving that some hundreds have been entrusted to the Salvation Army—not that we doubt the humanity of these good folk, but rather fear that their care for the bodies of their charges may be in all good faith extended to their souls, with the aim of rescuing them from Popery! We can only hope that sufficient priests and teachers accompany the exiles.

The Continued League Crisis

THE case of foreign intervention in Spain will, it is said, be brought before the League of Nations by the Red representative during its present session, but the active existence of a Non-Intervention Committee of the Powers will give the Council a ready excuse for refusing to consider the question, the more so because the position of the League itself is becoming more precarious. Its mishandling of the Abyssinian matter has put it into a singularly awkward dilemma. Either it must acknowledge Italy's conquest of Abyssinia, which it had previously denounced as an international crime, and thus lose what little moral prestige it has retained, or, refusing to do so, weaken its waning influence still further by antagonizing Italy completely and introducing division amongst its members. It would really seem that the League in its present form had better dissolve and be reconstituted on a basis suggested by its past experience. The idea of collective security—the strength of all for the defence of each—remains as admirably Christian as ever, but the greater States are not homogeneous enough in structure or national ideal to make harmonious action possible. South America, under the impulse and direction of the United States and the protection of a certain President Monroe, has proceeded much further in the way of peace than has the Old World, and if only the munition-makers can be kept from pushing their wares there, there seems little reason why peace should not be permanent in that hemisphere. But who shall bring the great Powers of Europe, most of them practically pagan in their politics, to agree to a peace dictated by Christian principle? Yet there is some hope in that Signor Mussolini, and, less directly, Herr Hitler, have asked Mr. Roosevelt to call a halt to the folly of competitive arming.

The New Irish Constitution

PRESIDENT DE VALERA'S contribution to the Coronation celebrations was exceedingly negative. He abstained from any official participation in the actual events, and on May 1st he published a draft of the new Constitution of Eire which contains no direct mention of the British Monarch, good or bad. The political aspects of this attitude are not our concern: they were anticipated in legislation passed on the abdication of Edward VIII and were recognized as but the reflex of the existing situation. As long as the unnatural partition of Ireland is maintained by the British Government which initiated it, free and friendly association in the Commonwealth on the part of the aggrieved nation is likely to be delayed, and Ireland in the circumstances is but exercising a right recognized for all the Dominions by the Statute of Westminster. However, apart from this consideration, the Constitution is worth the study of Catholics for, in many regards it is an attempt to embody the political and social ideals set forth in various Papal Encyclicals.¹ It deals mainly with internal concerns. The Family is declared to be "the natural, primary and fundamental unit group of society" and divorce is forbidden. The right to private property is clearly asserted. Education is voluntary but the State will see that parents fulfil their duty. Religious liberty is proclaimed. What the *Manchester Guardian* characteristically calls "whole columns of platitudes" assert the truths which are the basis of Christian civilization, and which, owing mainly to the efforts of the *Manchester Guardian's* friends, are being gradually discarded all over the world. Ireland has now a definite opportunity, denied to her in the "Treaty" Constitution of 1922, to exhibit in the twentieth century how well a definitely Christian State can function. The Draft is under discussion and, no doubt, will be improved in detail before it is subjected for approval to a national plebiscite.

The late Edward Eyre, K.C.S.G.

IT would ill beseem this periodical, which had always the warm approval and support of the late Mr. Edward Eyre, to allow his recent demise (May 20th), at the age of eighty-

¹ The new Constitution is very clearly explained and candidly criticized by Professor A. O'Rahilly in *The Catholic Herald* for May 7th.

seven, to pass without a tribute of sincere regret and of affectionate regard. His was a character, rare enough in our time, which united profound Catholic faith, great simplicity, profuse liberality, sincere piety and unbounded courage. Those who knew him mainly in his stately old age can have little idea of what an adventurous youth was his. He passed through Trinity College, Dublin, unscathed happily by that experience, worked at a desk in New York, travelled as a seaman before the mast round the Horn to Peru, scaled the Andes and knew South American revolutions at first hand, explored Panama long before the Canal was made and, finally, after many triumphs and reverses, emerged as the merchant-prince of our later knowledge. How princely, indeed, he was! He poured out his wealth like water to advance good causes and was a notable builder of churches. But the tale of his charities is endless, for no worthy object appealed to him in vain. Another opportunity must be taken to appraise the most considerable literary work which he inspired and sponsored, the encyclopædic "European Civilization: its History and Development," five of whose seven volumes he had the satisfaction of seeing published. And more, too, must be said, when occasion offers, to preserve the memory of the man himself as known to his friends, for, as a gallant laughing cavalier and champion of desperate causes, he belonged to a more active and enterprising age than ours, to the days of the Conquistadores when the chivalry of Spain set out to brave unknown dangers and win a world for Christ.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

ORIGEN AND HIS GENERATION

(185-254)

[It is exactly seventeen centuries since the Eastern Church was stirred to further resistance against Paganism by Origen's treatise "An Exhortation to Martyrdom." The persecution of Maximinus had broken out two years before; three years before that, Origen had been expelled from Alexandria and was now living at Cæsarea in Palestine, busying himself with the greatest of his works. But the persecution awakened the fervour of his youth; and he wrote the "Exhortation" for his beloved disciples, to encourage them to that which he himself would have gladly faced.]

PERHAPS there is no master in the Church before St. Augustine who awakens the interest of the student of history more than Origen. Few great names, if any, stand out in their generation, even down to our own time, more clearly than his. He represents his age far more than does his master, Clement of Alexandria, more than his pupil, Gregory Thaumaturgus, more than his contemporary, Tertullian, who was challenging paganism in the Latin world, only himself in the end to fall back into Montanism, while Origen was defending Christianity among the Greeks. The son of a martyr, who had taught him so well from infancy that only a ruse of the boy's mother could prevent him from following his father to death, Origen never lost the enthusiasm for the Faith which that noble ancestry gave him. Eusebius, his devoted admirer, who devotes almost a whole book of his "History" to his memory, tells us that "so great a desire for martyrdom took hold of him that to face its danger, to leap forward to the combat, was the one ambition of his heart." When Clement retired from the schools of Alexandria before the persecution of Severus (202), Origen, then a teacher only eighteen years old, was invited to take his place; he did so with an energy that saved the then Christian university of the East. When Ammonius Saccas, the predecessor of Plotinus, threatened to carry away the *élite* of the schools by his fascinating mysticism, Origen met him, not by contradiction or refutation, but by himself becoming his pupil, and by steeping himself in all that Plato and the neo-Platonists had to teach. His output was prodigious; St. Epiphanius, no doubt

with some exaggeration, estimates his separate writings at six thousand; at the same time, with the zeal of any modern, he had a little army of stenographers and caligraphists to multiply copies of his works.

And yet, with this torrent, it is almost annoying to discover how very seldom Origen in his writings speaks about himself. A modern historian has called him "the most modest of writers"; perhaps this is one reason why later theologians—Eusebius, St. Pamphilus, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Jerome, St. Epiphanius, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, and many others, looked up to him as almost the master of them all. St. Gregory calls him "the prince of Christian learning of his age"; at Cæsarea in Palestine, where he founded a new school when compelled to leave Alexandria (232), the devotion of scholars to his name grew into a vogue and a passion. But even during his own lifetime the recognition of his greatness was apparent everywhere. St. Firmilianus of Cæsarea, St. Alexander of Jerusalem, Theoctistus of Cæsarea, Beryllus of Bostra, one of his converts, St. Anatolius of Laodicea, Julius Africanus, St. Hippolytus, St. Dionysius of Alexandria, all looked up to him as a counsellor and a friend; the "Farewell Address" of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, written after the Saint had been the pupil of Origen for five years, still remains as a monument of devoted praise.¹

Even among modern scholars it is remarkable how, the more they come to know him, the more he grows upon them; few, if any, now would soil his reputation with even the suspicion of conscious heresy. Whatever later theologians, coming two hundred years after he was dead, may have had to say against his teaching, on this all are agreed: Origen was a devoted son of the Church and a champion of her traditions; he poured himself out for her cause, and for the cause of Christian education; he was true to his own principles, and they were very definite; he preached nothing he did not practise; he was generosity itself. He was utterly unsparing in his combats, whether against heresy or against the false science of his day. He won the esteem both of friends and enemies in every centre of learning, which certainly Tertullian failed to do; his school at Alexandria was frequented by pagans, even while it was also the seed-ground of martyrs. Beneath everything he wrote, a deep spiritual understanding,

¹ Migne, P.G., x, 1049—1104.

both of Christians and pagans, is manifest; so much so that one learns more of his spiritual outlook from his chance spiritual commentaries, composed extempore and taken down by stenographers, than one does from his strictly ascetical works. His teaching may be said to have set the standard, and to have directed the current, not only for the schoolmen, but for the hermits and anchorites who were immediately to follow him.¹ His influence on succeeding generations was equal to, perhaps greater than, that of St. Augustine himself, two centuries later. He had so many imitators, even among saints like St. Eusebius of Vercell and St. Hilary of Poitiers, that the caustic St. Jerome speaks of their teaching as pure plagiarism; yet none were more indebted to Origen than St. Jerome himself.

It is, therefore, not unnatural that a student who would understand the mind of his generation, two centuries after the life of Our Lord on earth, might look for it in Origen. His writings seem to suggest a Church already a little weary of the struggle, and in need of one such as he to arouse her to new vigour. Already, thanks chiefly to the specious, patronizing philosophies that were in the air, Christians were dividing into two camps. They had become more used to the sin and paganism about them; they were less disturbed by any corruption or backsliding among themselves. Some had begun to hanker not a little after "the flesh-pots of Egypt," to taste the delights of the new mysticism coming from the further East, to be won by the synthesis taught by the refined and smooth-tongued philosophers of the Greek tradition. On the other hand, there were those who reacted against all this; who saw in too close contact with the pagan philosophy dangers even greater than the persecutions, at this time intermittent, but fierce enough when they broke out. Origen reflects both of these classes, and speaks for both. At times we might think him almost pessimistic and despairing of his age, at other times there is the buoyancy and hope that become a saint. Meanwhile, through all his output, thanks to his own clear and independent mind, and his manifest desire to reduce the teaching of the Church into one synthetic harmony,² there runs a consistency of doctrine which may

¹ St. Paul, the first hermit, retired into the desert in 251; Origen died in 254.

² Origen's "De Principiis" (*περὶ ἀρχῶν*), written about 230, when he was forty-five years old, is usually looked upon as the first attempt at a complete treatise of theology, and as such has had great influence on the work of succeeding theologians.

well be considered the first positive statement of ascetical teaching in the Church.

We would emphasize this consistency, not only with himself, but also with those who came after him when the teaching of the Church came to be more defined. Writing as he did two centuries before Augustine and Cassian, perhaps three centuries before Pseudo-Dionysius, and before Manichæanism had yet stirred both the pagan and the Christian world to more positive action, one might have expected in Origen more looseness of thought, less care in his positive teaching. Moreover, he was living in the midst of a neo-Platonic atmosphere, whose fascination captivated him no less than, later, it captivated Augustine; while from his boyhood he had learnt, from his master, Clement, the Gnostic outlook and language which he could never wholly set aside. Nevertheless, in his traditional theology, and beneath the allegorical interpretation of the Scriptures in which he revels, his general teaching is so clear and correct that, as we have already seen, the scholars and Fathers who succeeded him could not suppress their admiration. In spite of Platonism, in spite of the current of growing Asiatic influences, or of the harder traditions of the Roman world which were later to produce Pelagius, the doctrine of Origen, taught, not as the infallible teaching of the Church, but as the personal belief of one of her disciples, enables us to see how single and consistent has been the Christian spiritual life from the beginning, however varied may have been its manifestations.

First and foremost, in the face of all the false philosophy around him that reduced everything to "fate," Origen holds fast to the principle, elementary to us, that "every rational soul is endowed with free will." On the other hand, he is no less explicit than Augustine on the doctrine of Grace. That man may be a true man, *i.e.*, may develop even his natural faculties aright, he needs the grace of God; he needs it no less that he may continue in that state; without it—

even the most perfect will turn in upon himself, will attribute to himself the merit of his acts, will give nothing of their glory to Him, without whom they could not have been done, will fall into the sin of pride.

Upon this foundation, almost modern in its enunciation, Origen no less clearly defines the meaning and purpose of life. The sovereign good of all men, he says, along with his

master, Clement, is likeness to God. It is a likeness in which he was born, a likeness which may be developed; to develop that likeness in himself is the supreme purpose of man. By that standard he judges and condemns the wickedness of men, Christian as well as pagan, around him; by it no less he encourages everyone who has fallen and would repent. It is in these latter passages that we feel the soul of Origen. Let the soul take courage, he says; though the battle is unending it is well worth while. In the meantime, to stand up to this supernatural and unequal combat, the armour of God is always at our disposal. Nay, more, God Himself is present, ever guarding us, ever watching over us; in a beautiful passage describing Christ upon the Waters, he dwells on the help that is assured to any soul that will stretch out its hand and accept it. Thus he concludes:

If there is a Peter among you, who is encouraged by that word, "Be of good heart" (Matt. xiv, 27), who is tending to perfection but has not reached the goal; if, I say, such a one shall step out of the boat, anxious to be rid of the worries with which he is surrounded; if he shall be bold to step out upon the waters to meet his Jesus and Lord; if, since his faith is still weak and timid, he shall see the storm raging around him, and shall fear, and shall begin to sink; still, he shall suffer nothing, if only he will call on Jesus: "Lord, save me." For just as to Peter who cried: "Lord save me!" the Word reached out His hand, so does He hold out His help to this man, lifting him up when he seems to sink, blaming him, it is true, for his little faith and hesitation, but taking good care not to treat him as a doubter, for He knows that in spite of the wavering the faith is there and is true.¹

With encouragement such as this Origen supported the timid about him, living either in the midst of persecution, or with the prospect of it hanging ever over their heads. In the same way he faces the fact of sin and its conquests; above all, perhaps remarkably, he thunders against the sin of pride, the source of all the rest, and yet in itself a folly of which any self-respecting man must needs be ashamed. With the eloquence of a seventeenth-century court-preacher he enumerates the things on which men pride themselves: their birth, their command of others, their wealth, and these he dismisses

¹ Hom. in Matt., xi, 6 (Migne, P.G., xiii, 20).

with contempt; their wisdom, their sinlessness, their having endured chains for the cause of Christ, and to these he opposes the humility of St. Paul and the angel of Satan that was sent to buffet him. Here, for once, he speaks of himself. He dwells on the degrees of guilt according to the rank of the offender, and the degrees of forgiveness; the catechumen, the layman, the deacon, the priest, each is the more guilty in proportion to his station, each, therefore, the more in need of mercy; and he concludes:

What then does it profit me, that I sit in the first place, on a seat that wins me honour, if I fail to do the works that correspond to the honour bestowed upon me? Shall I not be tormented with punishment that shall only be the greater, because all pay to me the homage that belongs to the just, whereas I am a poor sinner?¹

When we come to the more positive side of Origen's teaching, then we see him at his best. To begin with, in his time as in ours, even more than in ours, he had before him the fact of what has come to be called "the splendid pagan," the man who, without the influence of religion, by philosophy and reason alone, by his own interpretation of his duty, seems to rise to the highest human standard of morality. Origen accepts the fact for what it is worth; on the other hand, he shows how fruitless is the standard of philosophy for the common run of men, how even among those who claim to live by such a theory, too often, perhaps always, the results fall far short of their profession, interior and exterior do not always correspond. With the Christian, he maintains, it is far otherwise. He may be reckoned as the dregs of society; he may have no philosophy; he may even have learnt little that rises above the natural law; yet he points to all the world wherever Christianity has spread, and proclaims, almost with the vehemence of Tertullian, that the very lives of Christians, their sacrifices, their perseverance under persecution and outlawry, their ideals, even granting the many failures, prove what the coming of Christ has done for the human race. When we remember that this was written barely two hundred years after the Crucifixion, we may realize the strength of his argument, and the triumphant joy with which he encouraged his Christian disciples to live true to the inheritance that was theirs. For their sakes, to stir them to

¹ Hom. in *Ezech.*, v, 4 (Migne, P.G.).

loyalty, to champion them against their enemies, he steps boldly into the arena. He bids his hearers, for all their affectation of superiority, contrast the peace and union of the Christian community with the confusion of the world about it; the teaching of Christian masters, with the barren words of the philosophers that lead nowhere; the humanity of the Christian poor, with the inhumanity, nay, the bestiality, of those who held up their heads in scorn and affected to despise them. Nowhere more than here does he rise to sublime eloquence, lashing the pagan worldling with the tale of his own shame, defying him to find the like in the Christian camp, unless it be some poor creature who has failed, and whom none, not even an enemy, would accept as a type of a Christian.

In bold language such as this, appealing more to facts than to reason, Origen holds up to the world the ideal of the Faith he champions. He stands out in his generation, another of those John the Baptists who have arisen from time to time in the midst of a self-satisfied world, telling it the truth which it did not wish to hear, and the telling of which was distinctly out of fashion; resented by the world all the more because, in intellect, in genius, he stood head and shoulders above even the scholars of his time. Then he turns to his own people, and would have them realize the dignity, the grandeur, of the inheritance that is theirs. The heart of man, he tells them, is far too great a thing to be wasted on trifles; the very mind of man embraces all the world. And yet how little does he realize it! Man so noble, and he ignores himself; so loved and sought by God, and he does not care; so appealed to from the realm of eternity, and he turns a deaf ear. Granted that he has become Christian, that he no longer worships idols, yet in his heart he will set up other gods, seven other devils worse than the first, and to these he will render homage more abominable than anything he had done before. We have seen enough already to know that Origen was no pessimist, and we shall see more, nevertheless, far more strongly than his predecessor, the gentle Clement, with the courage of a Paul, he warns his own children of the greater horror of sin in one who has once been united with the Word of God.

Thus does Origen enable us to enter into the spiritual lives of the Christians of his day, seeing about us, as we walk through the streets of Alexandria, the still prevailing pagan

élite, but also the followers of Christ, some fervent but not a few grown lukewarm, some lovers of the Cross but others who reluctantly endured it, even as we know them in our own. But he does not confine himself only to the people; this restless man of high ideals must have a word for those in high station, the bishops, priests, and deacons, not all of whom, even in his time, lived lives wholly worthy of their trust. To these he speaks as we would expect; fearlessly, even as he spoke to the enemies of the Church, dwelling especially, as a scholar would, on the need of instruction. He pleads to them to be poor men, as Christ Himself had bid them; to teach their people by example, even more than by word; to seek for their material for sermons, not in the subtle philosophies of the day, but in the grace of God and prayer; to be filled with fire, brilliant and burning, which shall at once purify and inspire. The conclusions we draw from his exhortations to the clergy and hierarchy of his time enable us in part to understand, first, the cleavage that soon followed between orthodox and heretic bishops, and then, perhaps, the still greater cleavage later between East and West.

And yet throughout all this invective there runs the constant encouragement and confidence which must have been one of the chief attractions of Origen. He never wholly condemns, he never loses hope; on the contrary, he always ends on the note of the mercy of God. More than that, Origen has a sense of humour certainly not less than, perhaps more subtle than, that of Augustine. Augustine had the wit of words; had he the humour which shows itself in such a passage as the following?

If I had the faith, you tell me, I would soon get rid of my loose living. And I reply: If you would get rid of your loose living, you would soon have the faith. It is for you, not anyone else, to make a beginning. If I could, I would give you the faith; but I cannot, and therefore cannot prove to you the truth of what I say. But you can do so if you choose; you can get rid of your loose living, and prove to yourselves that what I say is true.

Throughout all this one will recognize how very modern the mind of Origen seems to be; he strikes us at once as one of those who are of all time. Still more does this appear when we study his teaching on prayer; we find in him the same

patient encouragement, the same mistrust of false mysticism, but also the same ambition for the highest union with God, that we find in St. Teresa or St. John of the Cross. Like St. Teresa or St. Francis Borgia he insists on great liberty in prayer. In a wonderful passage on the Finding in the Temple¹ he sends his readers with Our Lady in search of the Lord "seeking Him sorrowfully." With her we find Him "in the Temple," and He comes down and lives with us; illuminating us, but not all alike, by steps from brightness to yet more brightness, until one day, "on the holy mountain," He shows Himself to us transfigured. Hence he concludes:

We do not all go to Him by the same way; each of us goes according to His calling. Either we approach Him with the crowd, and He refreshes us with parables, on this condition only that we do not faint through hunger on the way. Or else we remain seated always at His feet, occupied with nothing but the hearing of His word, leaving aside much serving, choosing the better part which shall not be taken from us; and those who come to Him in this spirit receive from Him much more of His enlightening. And if, with the Apostles, we refuse to go away from Him at all, but would remain with Him always in all His temptations, then He expounds and explains to us in secret the things He had said to the multitude, and He fills our minds with His own light. Last of all, if we are able to go with Him to the summit of the mountain, with Peter, and James, and John, we are enlightened, no longer only with the light of Christ, but with the words of the Father Himself.

The passage well illustrates much of Origen's mind, which can only be summarized here; his sharp distinction between the multitude and the elect, derived through his master, Clement, from the Gnosticism of the day; the need of the soul's own faithful striving, if it would rise to the heights of contemplation; the growth of love as the one proof of growth in perfection; the oneness of life and prayer, of action and contemplation, as if the difference between them were no more than that of the attraction of God. It is all to him a question of calling, of orientation, of efficacious desire, of grace. The fascination of Christ is the secret of perfection, the love of Christ is the climax of all love, and it leads to

¹ Hom. in Luc., xviii (Migne, P.G., xlii, 1848).

the feet and the arms of the Father. And the crowning of all, to Origen, is martyrdom. He speaks of this in language which might make us wonder whether it could be sincere, were it not for the man who utters it and the time when it is uttered. Martyrdom is a glory, a reward; when there are no martyrs he fears that it must be because Christians are not good enough to merit them, do not deserve to be so honoured by God. Martyrdom is the great blessing of the Church; it wins for her the greatest graces, it puts her yet more into the hands of her protecting Lord, it spreads over her the wings of the Holy Spirit, it secures our peace with God, and a home in the kingdom, because we have suffered persecution for the sake of justice. Let no man fear, God will be with him; martyrdom is beautiful, a treasure of great price, worth everything a man can give for its purchase. It is man's best return for all that God has given to him, is the assurance of the love of God for ever.

Such is the climax of the practical teaching of Origen; and he wrote in the midst of surroundings which make his teaching anything but eclectic. That his "Exhortation to Martyrdom" survived, though the bulk of his works have been lost, is proof enough that it was taken to heart, both in his own time and for the century after during which the persecutions lasted. In itself it cannot be said to be Origen's greatest work; neither, perhaps, does it compare with the more sublime treatise, with almost the same title, which was without doubt the masterpiece of our own Blessed Robert Southwell. Still its spontaneity, its unmistakable expression of the author's soul, suggest the self-portrait of a man of whom one would gladly know more.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

Transference

LOVE'S heart was hurt—but not from pride,
 For there are other things beside.
 Love, passing by, looked through the glass,
 And Pain, deep-tortured, bade her pass.

Love saw the wounds with swift alarm,
 And drew Pain to her, safe from harm.
 Love gave swift ease, Pain's woe had fled,
 For Pain had entered Love instead.

M. G. CARDWELL.

THE ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH

VERY notable in the past twenty years has been the increase of interest (due not a little to the Holy See) in Eastern Orthodoxy and the revival of religion in the Orthodox Churches. This will be again marked during August when, from 3rd to 18th, the second World Conference on Faith and Order will be held at Edinburgh and representatives of Orthodoxy will be there. This Conference is a gathering of non-Catholic Christians whose aim is "to prepare the way for the reunion of Christendom by free and frank discussion of the points that divide them," under the heads of Grace, the Church and the Word, Ministry and Sacraments, and the Church's Unity in Life and Worship. Among the Orthodox expected to be present are the Greek Exarch in London, Mgr. Germanos, and the Serbian Bishop of Novi Sad, Mgr. Irenæus (who are officials of the Conference), the Metropolitan of Warsaw, the Archbishop of Sofia, Professor Stefan Zankov, Professor Nicholas Arseniev, and Dr. Hamilkar Alivisatos.

The name "Eastern Orthodox" is given to those Christians who, preserving valid orders and sacraments and the fundamental truths of faith and morals, have ceased (except for two very short periods) to be in communion with the Holy See since the schism of the Church of Constantinople in 1054. They form the second largest homogeneous body of Christians and nominally number some 150 millions (which includes a majority of the unhappy people of Russia). It appears that historically the epithet "Orthodox" distinguished all those Christians who were faithful to the Council of Chalcedon,¹ and it can be freely applied to these Eastern dissidents without begging any questions.

The Orthodox Church is a federation of a score of separate Orthodox Churches, and the process of history has been such that these bodies have practically all developed into *national* units, each one self-governing and independent of the others. Their principle of unity (apart from œcumenical councils,

¹ See Père de la Taille in *Orientalia Christiana*, Vol. V, No. 21, February, 1926, p. 281. Latterly, monophysite Copts, Jacobites, and others, have taken to adding "Orthodox" to their names, which is confusing.

which they have not attended or recognized or attempted to summon since the schism) is purely internal, they have no external or juridical bond corresponding to the Supreme Pontificate in the Catholic Church : it is, therefore, extremely remarkable that they have retained so much unity as in fact they display. This unity of faith, morals and worship is undoubtedly due in some measure to lack of precision in definition and to a willingness to differ ; in theory the unity is complete, in fact it is a substantial agreement which to-day shows some tendency to weaken (there are currents of opinion trickling towards Rome, towards Protestantism, towards Modernism), and the weakening is due not a little to the close association of many of the Churches with the civil power. On the other hand, the fundamental internal solidarity of Orthodoxy, underneath what often appear alarming quarrels and party differences, must not be under-estimated. Moreover, what is frequently called the Erastianism of the Orthodox Churches must be looked at in its historical setting. Imperial Constantinople set the example : the Emperor was a quasi-sacramental being, regarded as the vicegerent of God on earth in a way that the Patriarch never was (the Popes in the Middle Ages tried, and failed, to bring about an analogous position in the West, with the Holy Roman Emperor in subordination to the Church); in Russia an imperial despot, Peter the Great, riveted chains of civil control on the Church ; and in the Balkans during centuries of Turkish oppression the Church was the only corporate expression of national life and aspiration, so that it is not surprising that when freedom came to Greece and Rumania and Serbia and Bulgaria there was a connexion between Church and State so close as to be bad for both.

Nor must the attitude of Orthodoxy towards nationalism be misunderstood. Historically it has developed into a number of independent Churches on a national basis, and religious-national tension is often acute ; but in principle the "Rumanian Church," for example, is simply the Orthodox Church in Rumania, just as the "French Church" is the Catholic Church in France. That the branches of the Church are to-day in the main national is a result of the process of secular history and politics, and the position is greatly aggravated by chauvinistic governments.

On the other hand it cannot be disguised that the Orthodox Churches from time to time lend themselves to be used by the

State for national and political ends¹; "Hellenization," "Russification," "Serbianizing" are constantly cropping up in their history and, especially among the Greeks, sometimes for the purposes of ecclesiastical aggrandizement.

Relations Between the Churches. The various Orthodox Churches are the *Patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Moscow, Serbia, and Rumania*; the *Katholike of Georgia*; the *Exarchate of Bulgaria*; and the *Churches of Cyprus, Sinai, Greece, Albania, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, Poland, Latvia, and Lithuania*.²

Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem are still often referred to as the *Melkite Churches*.³ The *Greek Churches* are those of Constantinople, Greece and Cyprus, and, in a measure, Alexandria, Jerusalem and Sinai. The *Slav* group consists of Russia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Poland and Czechoslovakia. These Churches can also be divided theoretically into *autocephalous* and *autonomous*: an autocephalous Church is one subject to no outside jurisdiction whatsoever, while an autonomous Church, though self-governing, is still under the limited authority of a patriarch or other hierarchy outside itself. But these last are tending to disappear. The ordinary relations between the different Churches are slight; whenever a new chief bishop is appointed he informs the heads of the other Churches by means of a "letter of peace," and that is about all. But of recent years extra-ordinary relations have become more and more frequent and the chief Churches are in increasingly close touch with one another.

It is a common idea in the West that the Patriarch of Constantinople, who calls himself "The Œcumenical Patriarch," is as it were the Pope of the Orthodox Church. This is quite erroneous. There have indeed been patriarchs since the Schism who wanted to attain for their see an analogous position to that of the Bishop of Rome, and there were moments

¹ This is not unknown in "the West," but Catholic authorities less easily lend themselves to the policies of the civil power. French missionaries have been notorious for "frenchifying"—but then they sincerely believe that the best thing that can happen to the representatives of some ancient non-European civilization is to become "French." On this see the Archbishop of Westminster, "White Against Black in Africa," in *THE MONTH*, October, 1935.

² A summary account of Eastern Christendom may be found in the writer's "The Eastern Churches" (C.T.S.), and fuller particulars in his "The Dissident Eastern Churches," shortly to be published by Bruce, Milwaukee (Coldwell, London).

³ Cf. "The Catholics of Galilee," by Edward Bowron, *THE MONTH*, January, 1937.

when they nearly succeeded¹; but in the past hundred years the territorial extent of the patriarchate has been reduced to a shadow and its more bizarre ambitions have disappeared with its powers. These powers have always fluctuated, and the theoretical and actual relationship of Constantinople with the other Orthodox Churches is a long and extremely complex chapter in ecclesiastical history. But to-day the practical position is plain: the Patriarch of Constantinople has a primacy of honour only, and enjoys a certain unique prestige among Orthodox Christians throughout the world. For the rest, no Orthodox Church takes any important decision without informing the Œcumenical Patriarch of it, and some of them still apply to him for the holy chrism. Nor must every excursion of that Patriarch outside his own territory be set down as a tendentious interference; for there is no doubt that the protothrone of Orthodoxy has properly a general solicitude for all the Churches and the duty to watch over and help them when they are in difficulties. To that protothrone belongs the right to convene a General Council of those Churches, a gathering which many Orthodox have been demanding for a very long time, but all efforts to convene such a Council have so far proved fruitless.

It is not surprising that the need for a limited central authority of some sort, or at least a clearing-house for business affecting all the Orthodox Churches, is keenly realized by some, and in 1935 the Rumanian Patriarch Miron and the Serbian Patriarch Barnabas suggested the establishment at Constantinople of a permanent synod of representatives of all the Churches. The suggestion was well received in most places except Greece (where it was viewed as a covert advance against the Hellenism of the protothrone), but it was refused by Constantinople; there the Greek view was shared, and it was feared that such a permanent synod would mean the final extinction of what little remains of the authority of the Œcumenical Patriarch.

The Hierarchy. All Orthodox patriarchs and other primates govern their Churches by means of an assembly of bishops called the Holy Synod, and the primate now tends more and more to be merely the president of this synod, with-

¹ When the Tsar Alexis, in 1663, asked *inter alia* whether Constantinople was the final court of appeal for all the Orthodox Churches, Dionysius III and the other three Patriarchs made a significant admission: "Before the Universal Church was rent by papal pride and ill will," they said, "*this privilege belonged to the Pope of Rome*. Since then it belongs to the throne of Constantinople."

out room for personal initiative; moreover, the civil power is often represented at meetings of the synod and so hampers and seeks to control its free activities. Church property, whether national, diocesan, or parochial, is usually administered by mixed or entirely lay councils or even by Government officials.

In the Byzantine hierarchy an archbishop was at the head of a series of metropolitan provinces, whose hierarchs were called metropolitans and were equivalent to Western archbishops. But "archbishop" has long been an almost purely honorary title; and though metropolitans are numerous, metropolitan provinces are gradually disappearing and all dioceses (eparchies) are being reduced to one level, their bishops subject immediately to the chief hierarch and his synod.¹ The bishop is normally assisted by two councils, a clerical one for spirituals and a mixed one for temporals; chapters of canons are a purely Western institution, unknown to the East.²

Parishes also are administered by one or more councils (*ephory*, *epitropy*) for temporal affairs, of which the parish priest is not necessarily a member. The priest is chosen sometimes by the ephory, sometimes by the parishioners at large, but he has to be approved and appointed by the bishop.

Episcopal visitations are rare events in most countries (the priest is the minister of Confirmation), as are diocesan and provincial synods, but occasionally the bishops of a country meet in council apart from the regular Holy Synod. Among the dignitaries of the Orthodox Church there are archdeacons (who are deacons), archpriests, titular archimandrites, exarchs and chorepiskopoi.

Although all Orthodox bishops are technically monks, many of them have never led the monastic life: the requirement means in practice that the bishop must be single or a widower and have been invested with the monastic habit before his consecration. Moreover, some so-called monasteries have no specifically monastic life but are bishops' residences or other establishments having an administrative staff of monks attached.

The Orthodox To-day. It is difficult to do more than generalize roughly about the spiritual state of so large and widely-spread a body as the Orthodox. A majority of the

¹ In Russia archbishops rank below metropolitans.

² Except in some Catholic Byzantine churches.

clergy, miserably underpaid, still get only a minimum education and training and, at least in rural districts, are rarely called on to preach or give religious instruction (that is the schoolmaster's job, when there is one). The authorities (which include men of wide learning and deep spirituality) deplore and seek to remedy this state of affairs. In Greece the sacerdotal standard is steadily rising, and this improvement is yet more marked in Rumania. Nevertheless, there is still very much ground to be made up in these matters.

To the observer from outside it appears that the religion to which the majority are so attached is a matter of exterior observances, and that these do not include frequent reception of the sacraments. But this is to lose sight of the undoubted interior spirituality of which these observances are both a cause and an effect, and of the fact that the people identify themselves with the celebration of the Liturgy in a way that is unknown in the West. The lack of proper instruction inevitably encourages superstition and, while great importance is attached to church-going and most rigorous fasting, immorality in general may, often from ignorance, too easily prevail beneath an aspect of piety. But this is only to say that people are human beings; to betray one's religious principles is not a peculiarity confined to the Orthodox. In most Orthodox Churches the higher clergy are handicapped by their too close dependence on the Government; the Church becomes a political instrument and their election to offices is decided by party interests. But there is never wanting at the very least a leaven of noble spirits, conscious of abuses and failings and urgent to remedy them for the glory of God and the salvation of the children of Jesus Christ.

It is sometimes made a matter of reproach to the Orthodox that in modern times they have done no missionary work among the heathen (except the Russians, heavily subsidized by the Imperial Government for political ends). The reason is easily found in the fact that up to one hundred years ago most of the Orthodox Churches were being tyrannized over by the Ottoman Turks, and were themselves continually subject to Mohammedan propaganda and pressure; since then it has been as much as they could do to reorganize themselves and maintain their Christianity in a world that is increasingly materialistic and secularized. Moreover, the Orthodox countries have no colonies—the first and easiest field for missionary enterprise in modern terms, and to venture into the

"spheres of influence" of other Powers is to court political and international complications and sometimes religious disasters.

A matter of great concern to some of the Orthodox Churches is the spread of Freemasonry, especially in the Near East. The Orthodox Congress at Mount Athos in 1930 characterized Freemasonry as a "wicked and unchristian organization," and in 1932 the position in Greece was such that the Holy Synod took action and issued a formal condemnation of Freemasonry. In the same year the Russian bishops at Karlovtsy approved the condemnation pronounced at Mount Athos.

The political liberation of the Balkan States during the nineteenth century led to an inflow of Western political ideas, especially those of the anti-clerical, Masonic, and liberal French republicans. Until the Great War, the Orthodox Churches were rigidly controlled and even oppressed by politicians, brought up in this French anti-clerical school, who believed that every form of organized Christianity must be reactionary and a danger to the sovereignty of the State. It was fashionable, too, among the educated to despise the Church, which was regarded as belonging more to the Byzantine past than to the European future of their national history. But the bulk of the population was faithful to Orthodoxy. After the War, however, Western industrial civilization penetrated more and more into the Balkans, its inevitable accompaniments of Communism and godlessness spread among town workers and peasants, and old-fashioned liberalism lost its hold. The various Churches all show an earnest, if puzzled, determination to master the new situation.

Dr. Kidd sums up the characteristics of Orthodoxy thus: ". . . in doctrine its system is traditional, with little room for development; in government, it holds together by a loose administrative system and so contrasts with the more centralized organization of the Roman Catholic Church; and in worship, it gives little scope for preaching, and so ignores what is all in all to the Protestant sects. In one word, the Orthodox Church, in its general aspect, is more than anything else a society for worship."¹ That is not to say, as is commonly supposed in the West, that Orthodoxy is "stiff with gold and gorgeous with ceremonial," and no more, one more example of alleged oriental formalism, stagnation and unchangingness. It has a living hold on large numbers of

¹ "The Churches of Eastern Christendom," p. 471.

people and of late years has begun to exercise considerable influence outside the ranks of its own faithful.

Relations with the West. The attitude of the Orthodox to the Catholic Church and the reunion of Christendom is not the subject of this article, but an historical note may be given here of the reception accorded to Pope Pius IX's invitation to the Orthodox bishops to participate in the Vatican Council. By an unfortunate error the text of the invitation was printed in the *Journal de Rome* before it was delivered to the bishops, and the comments on it both of the Catholic and Orthodox Press were of such a nature as to give a fair pretext for refusal on the part of those to whom it was addressed.

The Patriarch of Constantinople, Anthimos VI, handed back the letter to Dom (afterwards Cardinal) John Pitra, O.S.B., without even reading it, declaring that attendance at the Council would be useless in the circumstances. The Patriarch of Alexandria was ill and Mgr. Ciurcia tendered the invitation to the archimandrite Neilos, who refused to receive it. "If," he said, "His Holiness had written personally to the Patriarch, and not published his letter first in the Press, His Beatitude would have been happy to consider it." The Patriarch of Antioch, Mgr. Jekotheos, received the letter with signs of the deepest respect from Father Zacharias, O.S.F.C. Later in the day he returned it by the hand of a bishop, with the message that the Patriarch must first consult his other bishops: nothing more was heard of it. The invitation was also returned by the Patriarch of Jerusalem to the two Canons who brought it: he could not accept it, he said, because his fellows had not done so; but, he added, "I pray always for union; may the Holy Spirit be with the Council. May God bless you."

All the other Orthodox bishops who are recorded to have replied to the invitation refused it, mostly on the ground that they could not act differently from the patriarchs; and all complained that the Holy See had arranged the Council without consulting the Orthodox East. At the same time there were among the bishops of the Patriarchate of Antioch and the Church of Cyprus strong expressions of desire for reunion and of regret that the patriarchs had acted as they had.¹

Pope Pius IX's letter "In suprema Petri" (1848), addressed primarily to Eastern Catholics, had given great offence to the

¹ If the Pope's invitation ever reached the Russian bishops the Imperial Government saw to it that they did not reply.

Orthodox. Then, in 1894, on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, Leo XIII, in the Encyclical "*Praeclara gratulationis*," issued an appeal to them direct to return to Catholic communion; it was expressed in the most courteous and gentle terms, free from all harsh words and controversial allusions, kind, fatherly and loving. It drew from Anthimos VII, Patriarch of Constantinople, and twelve of his bishops, an incredibly offensive reply, openly rude and abusive. This was answered unofficially and well by Father Maximos Malaktakis, a Greek Catholic of the Byzantine rite.

In our own day we see much better things and a greatly improved spirit on both sides: Orthodox clergy and laymen attend reunion congresses, such as those at Velehrad in Czechoslovakia,¹ their clerical students are found in Catholic universities, and more of both Orthodox and Catholics realize the need to study each other's beliefs and point of view and not to be misled by prejudice or unhistorical fables.

On the other hand, it is well known that of late years official relations between some of the Orthodox Churches and the Church of England have been exceedingly amiable; the archpriest Bulgakov says on this subject that the validity or invalidity of Anglican orders is "a canonical and not a dogmatic question, which can be decided for the Orthodox Church [*i.e.*, the whole Church] only by a competent ecclesiastical authority." He sums up in a sentence the much-misunderstood attitude of the Orthodox towards the inter-confessional, "pan-Christian" movement (Lausanne, Stockholm, Edinburgh): "The participation of Orthodoxy in this movement does not at all signify that it can renounce any part whatever of its tradition, that it can accept a compromise or reconsideration. . . Orthodoxy is present at such conferences to testify to the truth."²

DONALD ATTWATER.

¹ Official representatives of the Œcumenical Patriarch, of the Bulgarian Church, and of the Armenian Church took part in a reunion conference at Constantinople in 1930.

² Not as characteristic but as indicative of the misunderstandings in some sections of Orthodox opinion, I may quote the comment of the Bucharest *Glasul Monahilor* on the official visit of Anglican clergy to Rumania: "We are delighted that these Protestants wish to return to Orthodoxy"! In an issue of *Pantainos* in 1921, the archimandrite Chrysostom Papadopoulos (now Archbishop of Athens) wrote an article on the history of the Catholic Church in England that was simply grotesque; unhappily, equally grotesque things have been written by Catholics about the Orthodox Church.

FOG

THE fog had been settling down thicker and thicker, and by midday lamps were alight along the Embankment.

At the top of No. 16 Flood Walk close by, the large ramshackle attic was as bleak as a derelict greenhouse in that November weather. The unfinished canvases, too, face to the wall: what were they but the withered vegetation in such a place—waste that no spring would quicken? So thought Giles Kennedy, everything in his disordered brain expressing itself in strange images where reality and unreality were confused as in a dream.

The very fog had assumed another nature. It was a publisher's cover shutting in page after page of the small evil print of lives, lives, lives—all around him, mile after mile, so that he could not breathe; shutting in hunger, despair, madness—murder perhaps—at this very moment—*suicide perhaps*.

These two words detached themselves slowly from the rest and floated into an independent existence. They grew larger and larger against the whitewashed wall flaking away with river damp. Then they coalesced, the larger absorbing the lesser, and the larger grew larger still until it enclosed him in the purpose of the one word.

Giles got up stiffly in the darkened room and felt along the mantelpiece. . . It would be quite easy. He would ask someone to change those two last halfpennies of his for a penny to put in the empty meter. A pennyworth ought to be enough. . . . No one in the house, though, where he had kept aloof, wearing a superb mask of indifference to the end. . . The tobacconist round the corner. . .

He shut his eyes and imagined himself in the tiny shop where the old man would have the air that he always had, of a wise red-faced parrot in a cage of tobacco.

Giles heard himself saying carelessly: "No; no fags, thanks. But change these for a penny for the gas, will you? These slot-meters are a nuisance." Then he opened his eyes: he would look no further. But his mind was made up all the same.

Abiding near, as it is to be believed that his Guardian Angel was at that moment as at every other, it is easy to believe also that the Angelic One beheld there, in place of a Giles Kennedy bent on self-destruction, the sandy-headed urchin of a Giles whom he had minded long ago and far away—the urchin who had tossed marbles and sucked lollipops like all other urchins; who had also watched the mountains change to purple at sunset seeing what others did not see; and who had known then of that Beauty so ancient which is ever new, forgotten by him now for a long time.

It may be supposed therefore that the Angelic One would determine upon the circumvention of the present Giles whose long fingers had just closed on what they sought.

There was no reason for delay seeing that his mind was made up, nevertheless, when Giles got to the top of his attic stairs he sat down and leaned his head against the wall to reflect, if the erratic course of his thoughts could be called reflection.

Seated thus on the top step there was something to be seen in him still of the grave freckled boy he had once been. His eyes with pale lashes and heavy indolent lids were set rather forward and far apart which rightly or wrongly gave a look of innocence; like the slight fullness behind the mouth, also somehow or other still reminiscent of childhood.

Below him were another three flights of stairs, ill-lit and dirty—how he had always hated those dirty stairs. There had been cleanness and lustre about him everywhere years ago—scoured boards and polished brass, the shininess of the brown tarns, the clean air of the mountains. . . Into his mind now came the buzz of a bumble-bee and he saw the bluebell shaking. . . Well; once more to go down, once more up, and then no more dirty stairs, *Deo gratias*.

Waiting near, as it may be believed that the particular demon sent for the destruction of Giles Kennedy was sure to be at that moment, in spite of his ready denial of his own existence (worst lie of the Father of lies), it is safe to conclude also that the said demon was annoyed by that involuntary *Deo gratias*, which continued to echo in Giles's head.

Memories began to revive thereby, the Angelic One aiding perhaps with cupped hands. *Deo gratias* said Giles once more, but this time looking at the plaster of the wall where the priest had just turned to say *Ite missa est* at a Mass he was serving—ten years ago.

All this to the increasing confusion, it may be, of the evil spirit who began, it may be, to insinuate a word or two of his own, when memory seemed strong enough at one moment to turn the creature back to its Creator.

"God does not exist," said Giles, attentive to the demon, and began wearily to go downstairs.

Above, all had been dark, silent, bare, in keeping with his misery, so that he loitered, but half way down eddies of warmth issued from the cracks of doors, with pleasant gastronomic odours at that hour—so pleasant were they that Giles, from hunger, hurried down the last flight as fast as he could.

At the street door, a wave of fog surged up acrid, abominable, and engulfed him. "The —," he thought, as if its breath were unclean. Reluctantly he entered it, feeling along the wall, then crossed the road, though it was out of the way, to get on to the Embankment. He needed the nearness of the great river and some sort of a tree over him, if this were to be in the style of a last processional walk. At the notion he laughed aloud, whereupon the fog got into his throat making him cough and choke. But his mind was made up all the same.

Moving beside him, it is easy to believe that the Guardian Angel of Giles Kennedy was now frowning upon his headstrong charge. Something would have to be done, and quickly, though it was difficult to see what. But Angelic beings have ways and means denied to the sinful sons of Adam.

Be that as it may, no preternatural action need be brought in, of course, to explain why Giles should feel his knees giving way beneath him just then: any number of natural explanations may be found for the fact, as indeed for what followed.

As to that, Giles could quite easily have been mistaken—his impressions were not to be relied upon. It is possible that the flowers were artificial—or that the old woman was merely a tree-trunk in the fog, becoming part of a dream. Or again, if the old woman were real, if the flowers she held were substantial things, they may have been of a species more suitable to the season, and not (as Giles believed) those flowers of his first memory in life.

For when the old creature loomed up before Giles, who had been glad to sit down on the first seat he came to, she was holding out a tiny green and white bunch.

"Snowdrops!" was what the strange old creature was saying, "buy my snowdrops, sir, for the love of God."

Snowdrops. That is the crux of the matter, for nothing else would have wrought the same spell. To Giles indeed this sudden blossoming of the fog seemed a miracle for more than one good reason.

"Buy 'em, sir, an' t'will bring you luck. You 'ave a lucky face, sir. Won't you buy? Only a penny? You'll never miss a penny."

She went on saying that and a lot more, which Giles could not hear because there was a child on a low chair kneeling to look out of a window. Outside under tall trees were hundreds and hundreds of snowdrops scattered in the wintry grass. Here and there they were pressed against one another in clusters, others were solitary or in twos and threes. The air held the faint cool flavour of their breath . . . and in a minute he would be having gaiters buttoned on, so that he could go out and pick some of them . . . "don't say you won't buy 'em, sir!"

Giles did not say that. He could not.

Under a compulsion stronger than anything physical he dropped his last halfpennies—meant for Charon's fee—into the old woman's palm and she vanished, leaving him with her flowers and their evocations.

Waiting beside him, the Guardian Angel of Giles Kennedy would have prolonged the dream if he could perhaps, casting upon it a reflected splendour from his white wings (wings which, as in the vision of Isaias, render these Shining Ones more accessible to human weakness—smoked glass before the sun as it were).

It was the demon perhaps or his own stubbornness, as the vision grew dim, telling Giles that he had let himself be fooled by memories of a past that could avail nothing now.

A wave of anger surged through him causing his heart to beat and the nerves of his hands to prick, but he was not warned thereby to bid Satan avault. Instead, he threw the flowers in the gutter; which made it impossible to know if they had ever existed outside his mind and repudiated all that they signified—giving place to the devil in short.

Then he turned sullenly and retraced his steps along the Embankment, thinking out another plan. There was, of course, the river, but remembering purer waters he could not face it.

No matter. He would stoop now to something he would not have done before. That was the way—someone who did not know him—the new tenant, the young American who had just taken the big studio below—the one with the parquet floor and gadgets for rich amateurs—it would serve the young fool right to—No, no, he didn't mean that—*no*.

Giles put his hand to his head. The pride which had let him starve had failed in the end like everything? All the more reason to get away from it all, to be blotted out, to return to that Nature which was the sum of all things.

Was it the Guardian Angel of Giles Kennedy who added then like a solemn antiphon to his thoughts: And what of God?

Giles turned his head away. It seemed to him as if a voice had spoken out of the fog, or out of the past which had drawn so near, and he did not dare to listen to it. Had a voice spoken? But his impressions were as little to be relied upon at that moment as those of a drunken man.

Nevertheless, "O, my God," cried the spirit of Giles Kennedy suddenly, "if You exist——." The rest was without words, but it was clear as the signal from a sinking ship.

Then he went up the dirty stairs of No. 16 Flood Walk and knocked at the newcomer's door, to carry out what was meant to be the last scene but one in the sordid drama.

The occupant within was whistling. He came and opened the door in the middle of a bar, without his coat and holding a saucepan. He appeared to be a merry sort of soul and likeable, which made deception harder.

Giles had to clench one hand like a vice in his pocket, but he managed to speak normally.

"I say, I'm so sorry to bother you—I have the studio above—painter—Giles Kennedy. I——." He stopped from sheer hatred of what he was doing.

"Giles Kennedy, d'you say? Not *the* G.K.—the one who had that topping show at the X Galleries?"—Giles did not say he had thrown his last card then—"Oh, I say, I'm downright glad to make your acquaintance. Your work's *fine*." He held out his hand.

"I'm Pierce Rennie," came as an afterthought.

Pierce Rennie with his shock of hair dipping over his forehead into one eager eye, must often forget himself in a burst of enthusiasm over another man's work, thought Giles, and the two found themselves laughing, though they would

have been hard put to give any reason beyond the pleasure of meeting.

"Come in. Sit down there by the stove." Rennie drew up a chair. "Make yourself quite at home, sure."

The brightness and warmth of the big, comfortable, littered studio made Giles feel dazed. For the second time he was glad to sit down, which was perhaps in the intention of the Angelic One, abiding in patience nearby. He looked round him, noticing the Figure from a Crucifix—a fine carving, hung up rather oddly without a cross, by a long riband, over the mantelpiece and it seemed strange to see one again in his world where that symbol had now no meaning.

Words came into his mind which he had heard once before a Flemish Primitive—a Deposition with the three empty crosses against the sky: "Do you know, those made me think of telegraph poles. Curious, isn't it, that that should be all the Cross recalls to us moderns?" The young poet who spoke had looked almost dismayed, Giles recollected, and he had wondered why at the time, having become as the rest.

Then he caught sight of the studio easel raked forward with a big canvas begun, vigorous, a little chaotic, but promising. He stood up.

"I've been trying a spot of work with the model. But I've got in a mess," the young man was saying behind him.

"Do you mind?" Giles had found an end of charcoal in the rack. "Like this, I think, d'you see? You got wrong there in the drawing. But it's a good piece of work—keep slogging away."

"Fine!" Pierce Rennie, under his tuft of hair, looked like a Dandie Dinmont, all keenness, Giles thought. "What I need is more study, I know."

A smell of burning brought the culinary amateur, who had forgotten his saucepan, back to a sense of duty. "Oh," he ejaculated, and made a dive for the kitchenette.

He returned in a moment wagging his head.

"Very nearly all spoilt. Your fault. You'll have to stay to show your sorrow, and help me eat—which we'd better do now if you don't mind, for fear of worse." He swept one side of the table clear, and laid a cloth, while he whistled a refrain from the music halls. "You don't *mind*? I'm just a bit lonely, really," he added over his shoulder, an eyebrow cocked.

Giles did not protest. For one thing a meal, he remembered,

had been implicit in that unspoken S.O.S. heavenward of a short while since at the foot of the stairs. The seeming impossibility accomplished with ease, gave him confidence as if he were watching the brushwork of a masterhand—and for another thing, how could he protest with the smell of food in his nostrils? He shut his eyes, listening to the clatter of plates and cutlery. The heat of the stove made him drowsy. He nodded.

"There we are, now." The voice of his host brought him back to himself. "I wonder why there are no eating songs," Rennie was saying, "only drinking songs? Bacchus gets all the praises—Silenus and his tankard. This isn't quite so bad, after all, is it?"

As a matter of fact this was a very good meal. Garlic and red pepper were among its seasonings, which, as he had lived abroad, Giles could appreciate. There was wine, too.

"I like feeding people," Rennie explained, piling up the plates. "Missed my mark. Ought to have been a caterer or something, what?"

It was a cheerful meal, and rather prolonged, with sudden hunts for a drawing, a quotation in a book, or a photograph; ending up with pleasant dawdling over the coffee and cigarettes.

"Fine, your dropping in like this," said Rennie, pouring coals into the stove. "You English don't meet strangers half way, you know. Since I've been in this London not a soul has spoken to me anywhere. It gets one down a bit. But I am glad you're in the house!"

Giles recollected what he had proposed to do presently, in which case he would not be in the house—but somehow the intention had lost its validity in the last hour.

"Know why I'm here?" queried Rennie, his feet on the stove, his chair tilted outrageously. "You see, I've come across for a bit of study. I've been looking round—but I needn't look any further if you're willing. What do you say to our fixing up something here and now?"

"Lessons, d'you mean?"

"Sure. I know you oughtn't to bother yourself with a—well, rich amateur, but it would be doing a real kindness."

Giles smoked for a few minutes in silence, thinking of what further had been implicit in his half-doubting appeal to Divine Providence.

He looked up at the Figure over the mantelpiece—had

Rennie hung it there merely for its beauty?—symbol of all that he had repudiated nine years ago at the first sneers of scepticism. Why had he not put up any sort of a fight then, he wondered—yet he knew, all the same, to his great shame. A little laughter had been enough. . .

“Oh, to hear

God’s voice plain as I heard it first, before

They broke in with their laughter! I heard them

Henceforth, not God!”

Well, another chance had been given as to one raised from the dead.

“Yes, I’d teach you all I know with pleasure.” Giles spoke at last, flushing to the roots of his pale hair. “But you ought to know. . . My work’s good if you like, only it doesn’t sell—not now, anyway. At first, oh yes, but I was spending every penny I made, chucking it away like a fool.

“I’ve been too independent—proud, I suppose I ought to say—to let anyone know how bad things had got.

“When I knocked at your door, it was to get a—a penny out of you to gas myself. I don’t think I quite knew what I was doing, but you see what I am—a rotter.”

“No. . .” Pierce Rennie gazed attentively into the stove. “My brother is a doctor, I think as he would, if you understand. Or, to put it another way, I like feeding people as I said, which is what you haven’t been doing to one. Anything happens then—a spring snaps. . . But let’s talk of something else. That’s over. I shall see to that. Oh, don’t say anything. Here, have a cigarette!” He pushed the box, anxious to get the conversation back on to safe ground. “Fog’s been clearing this last hour, eh?”

He got up and pulled the curtain back from the tall window: “Yes, look.”

The fog had lifted. They could see the Thames, hurrying towards the sea, and a space of clear sky with a star which made Giles think of the Epiphany. Being a painter, he wondered how one would paint that.

E. FENTON SMITH.

GUIDES TO SPAIN

Sejanus was a liar, but so fine a general of lies that he knew how to marshal them into an alert and disciplined formation which would come off best in any skirmish with suspicions or any general engagement with truth.

I, *Claudius*, p. 246.

THERE was once a man who believed that the art of lying effectively was a soft option among professions. Being a lazy, dull fellow, he therefore decided to adopt it, and he died in the workhouse. The moral of the story is, of course, that effective lying must be accounted a great and difficult art, requiring for its practice a large measure of intelligence, imagination, and even asceticism. The effective liar must, for example, deny himself many little moral luxuries which ordinary people prize, such as a sense of honour and a spark of chivalry. If he is to be tripped up at every turn by paltry consideration for other people's feelings, he will never be any good at his job. Indeed, if the other people also belong to another nation he must learn to regard them with a cold Cartesian eye as machines entirely devoid of sensibility. Only thus will he be able, for the pleasure of his own nation, to distil from foreign behaviour all its latent folly and repulsiveness.

For some centuries now, in fact ever since the Invincible Armada was destroyed in the Channel by a few gallant English cockle-boats, Spain has been the favourite field for operations in the art of effective lying. Not to go too far back, we have in Richard Ford's "*Handbook for Travellers in Spain*" (1845), a classic of the subject, renowned for its breezy scholarship and riotously funny stories about saints and shrines.¹ All through its scintillating pages there is to be heard the crackling and exploding of legends, punctuated every now and then by a larger boom, as some statue or story or shrine of the Blessed Virgin is dynamited with tremendous enthusiasm. For Ford entertained a very special animus against the Mother of God, and apparently hoped to laugh her out

¹ Ford has found a successor to-day in the Italian Vittorio Rossi, whose delightfully written and malicious book, "*Spaniards' Way*," is now available in an excellent English translation. Like Ford's "*Handbook*," it is completely irresponsible. The author has to be amusing (and delicately salacious) at all costs, so even the religion of Spain is put into motley and made to dance weird *giraldivas* for our diversion. This is the sadder because there are so many wise and brilliant passages in the book. It will make a fortune for Signor Rossi, and who cares two pins about such dull old things as truth and reality, anyway? Poor old Spain!

of Spain, as Cervantes had laughed out the knights-errant. It has been said of Plutarch that to secure a pleasing cadence in his sentences he would readily have made Cæsar stab Brutus and have accorded to Mark Antony the laurels of Actium. That may be a libel on Plutarch, but it is no libel on Richard Ford to say that he polishes his periods with the gold hangings of sanctuaries and immolates the devotions of a nation on the altar of epigram.

More famous than Ford as an effective liar, though not so learned, was George Borrow, whose "Bible in Spain" (1843) is still a best seller. George was a liar on the heroic scale, a very paladin of lies who charged the stoccados of veracity with the valour of a Don Quixote. Did he not meet in the hotel at Cordova a priest who informed him that the Breviary lessons for the day were taken from St. Paul's First Epistle to Pope Sixtus? And on another occasion was he not the travelling-companion between Madrid and Seville of a Dominican professor of philosophy, a learned man, but "grossly ignorant of the Scriptures, which he confounded with the works of Virgil"? Nevertheless, George was a likeable fellow, and, to be fair to him, he did manage occasionally to deviate into truth, as in his account of the old country parochus who regaled him with bacon and eggs, and put him up for the night, Bibles and all. This specimen of Rome's battalions in Spain spent one-eighth of his income on himself. "The rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and dispatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet and a peseta in his purse; and his parishioners when in need of money, had only to repair to his study and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village, and what he lent he neither expected nor wished to be returned." That story *must* be true, for George risked his job with the Bible Society by publishing it.

When, a hundred years ago, a Government of free-thinking intellectuals suppressed all the monasteries and convents of Spain and confiscated the entire property of the Spanish Church, many English hearts beat high with hope for the future of the Gospel in that Scriptureless Peninsula. Just as they do to-day, deans and duchesses boldly crossed the Pyrenees to investigate the promising situation and wrote books afterwards to set forth its possibilities. There was, for instance, the "Journal of a Clergyman," recounting the Rev. Mr. Robertson's adventures in the summer and autumn of

1841, and containing the following bit of lyricism: "If the eye of the Christian tactician carefully surveys the hitherto impregnable defences of the Man of Sin in Spain, he will not fail to perceive that a wide and practicable breach is already made. Up then, soldiers of the Cross! Eternal honour to the man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Independent, who shall first mount the breach with the sword of the Spirit in his hand! Eternal honour to the man of God who shall first preach the truth of Jesus in Madrid!"

The more that changes, the more it stays the same. English people have given up being patronizing towards Catholic Ireland as a bad job. They have discovered that Ireland won't be patronized. But they still maintain their attitude of lofty superiority with regard to Catholic Spain, and appear ready to swallow any lying tale which knockabout journalists care to send home. Lying, however, as Montaigne said, "is a horrible-filthy vice which breaketh all our commerce and dissolveth all bonds of our policy," so let us not attribute it to any man but rather consider him to be under a misapprehension, or mistaken. That is sound Christian advice and, in accordance with it, we are bound to ascribe to a particularly profound brand of misapprehension much that we meet with in Mr. John Langdon-Davies's book, "Behind the Spanish Barricades," though the author's mistakes are run close by his American colleague, Mr. John Gunther, whose "Inside Europe" has become the great manual and textbook of foreign politics in the circles of enlightenment. Each John has a private oracle, which he consults in moments of hesitation with all the piety of a devout ancient Roman at Delphi. For Mr. Langdon-Davies the oracle is Richard Ford; for Mr. Gunther it is a mysterious professor in Vienna, quite unknown to fame until he was wanted in "Inside Europe" to reveal by psycho-analysis and abracadabra the sinister complexes that govern the lives of General Franco, Señor Gil Robles, Signor Mussolini, Herr Hitler, and other malefactors.

Mr. Davies's book is a masterpiece of its kind, 303 pages long, and furnished with a portrait of the author as frontispiece. It is a revealing portrait, and we murmur when we have read the book and studied the strong corrugated brow

Is this the face that launched a thousand quips
And debunked the epic of the Alcazar?¹

Mr. Davies was in Toledo during the siege, and as he watched

¹ Properly Alcázar, but there is such a thing as poetic licence in this strait-laced world.

the grim old fortress which so obstinately denied entrance to the flower of Bolshevik chivalry, he was inspired to write as follows in his sorrowful indignation :

The officers, they say, are keeping their spirits up with drugs from the chemist's shop. . . Nobody knows what they are eating. They are the last fragments of age-long despotisms starving to death. If only someone could write their history¹; how as the days of futile agony pass on, some have grown cruel and others religious; the stealthy hunting of women; the mothers watching their children, wondering if to-morrow there will still be a thin drop of nourishment to be squeezed from their starved breasts. . . Some souls are growing daily more noble beneath the strain, others are cracked and go squeaking, like bats, to hell. . . Some hardened minds without illusions seek whimsical ways of making the last hours of life tolerable; others presumably hope and expect General Franco to come with Moors to their help. One can imagine them clustering round the loud-speaker, listening to the drunken Queipo de Llano in Seville. Can his filthy jokes make them laugh? . . . What on earth do they not in their feverish state confess to their priests? And some are promising themselves a life of purity if they ever get out, others a visit to the nearest brothel (pp. 272—273).

Didn't you love the remark about the bats, dear reader, and the implications of the charming adjective, whimsical?

Mr. Davies is careful to inform us that he is on intimate terms with the language of Spain, and must not therefore be confounded with "irresponsible journalists who were able to fly aeroplanes but not to speak Spanish" (p. 97). Almost in confidence, that is one for Lord Donegal and his likes. To know Spanish is, of course, to know Spain, just as to know English is to have the soul of England in your pocket. A contentious native of Spain, however, no less than the illustrious "Azorin" himself, vehemently and sarcastically disputes the point: "I am not attracted," wrote that quondam anarchist in 1928, "by certain belauded books in which

¹ Someone has, "The Epic of the Alcazar," by Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss. One trusts that Mr. Davies will read it, and buy himself a suit of sackcloth, with ashes to match.

² The beleaguered garrison never once heard Queipo de Llano, as Madrid jammed the Seville wave-length, and there were no priests in the Alcazar because Mr. Langdon-Davies's friends had murdered them all before they could find refuge within its walls.

foreign writers have essayed to condense the spirit of the historic cities of Spain. What a joke, to try to condense the spirit of a city into three hundred pages! And what would I not give to be able to catch in that space the soul of some insignificant little Spanish village!"

Mr. Langdon-Davies will have none of this high-falutin' modesty. He knows his Spain through and through, that remarkable Spain "where every proletarian is also a gentleman and an aristocrat" (p. 46). Most of all does Mr. Davies know the theology of Spain, down to the last scraping of a Suaresian syllogism. The eminent Professor Thomas Henry Huxley is alleged to have bragged that he tore the heart out of Suarez's seventeen formidable folios one day in Glasgow, between two trains. Mr. Davies leaves that possibly apocryphal feat in the shade, for he seems to know Suarez, St. Thomas, and all the rest of them, by sheer instinct. The malady of Spain, he gives us to understand, is the Roman Catholic Church, and the remedy for Spain's troubles is to abolish that degraded institution so that the aristocratic proletarians may have an opportunity of proving their mettle as nation-builders. Our author goes to great pains to enable us to understand as well as he does the vast turpitude of the Catholic Church, which by the black magic of its priests has conjured such a pall of superstition over the land of Ferrer and Ibañez. In consideration of our inferior opportunities for studying the problem, he employs stories like a pedagogic Nannie to stimulate whatever little intelligence we may possess. There is, for example, the story of Juan, an earnest proletarian who "was saddled with the job of protecting his monk brother . . . looking like a fundamentally healthy plant suffering from lack of light and air." Well, one day Juan sneezed in the street, when what must the fundamentally healthy plant do but exclaim "Jesus!" This was a great shock for a good proletarian who sought and obtained at Mr. Davies's hands the balm of an indignant sympathy. "There you have it," writes that gentleman. "For hundreds of years a sneeze has been regarded as dangerous, . . . for some evil spirit may get hold of the moisture and do you wrong. So your friend protects you as you sneeze with a holy name. . . In Spain, I have seen many a person cross his mouth with a finger to prevent a devil entering the wide gate of a yawn" (pp. 187-188). Fancy going all the way to Spain to witness that remarkable sight! Journalists are enterprising fellows, but one wonders what Mr. Langdon-Davies does himself in a drawing-room when

a yawn overcomes him. Maybe he puts his hands in his pockets to avoid temptation, for he is very determined not to be caught at any bourgeois tricks. "Forget," he writes in one place, "all you have ever learned about morals and æsthetics, throw away the prejudices that civilization has been at pains to give you," and you will be compensated for your renouncement of those capitalist trappings by the discovery of the loveliest ethical qualities in the proletarian prostitutes of Barcelona.¹

Mr. Davies devotes a whole chapter of his book to the burning topic of Spain's churches, in the course of which he develops what may be described as a philosophy of ecclesiastical incendiarism. Referring to the virtuous self-restraint of socialists, communists and syndicalists during the first phase of Popular Front government, he says: "Except for a few burned churches [a mere four hundred and eleven, in fact] and a few isolated acts of violence, they remained loyal to the principle of democracy. No one has any right to lay even these burned churches to the charge of the Popular Front, any more than a burned haystack in England can be given a political significance. Usually incendiarism is best understood in Freudian rather than Marxian terms" (p. 85). He desires us to consider this matter "in a manner free of cant." The de-canted explanation is that the proletarians, otherwise known as "the Army in Overalls,"² believe relics, statues and holy pictures to be instruments of black magic by which the priests put them under a spell. Church-burning is, accordingly, the expedient of simple, untutored humanity to protect itself from this grave danger, for, as is well known, if you destroy a magician's caduceus, periapt and talisman, you reduce him to impotence.

Mr. Davies had the luck to purchase outside a church in Santiago what he considered to be such an excellent specimen of "the old magic" that he reproduced it as an illustration to his book. It takes the form of a piece of paper on which is

¹ "Look at that blue-shirted worker, obviously tired out, yet with his eyes fixed upon the dancer. It is not lasciviousness that shines there; it is the unbroken human spirit struggling for light and air" (p. 161).

² Which was eked out from the start by a few Moujiks, travailleurs, Arbeiter, and so on, from foreign parts. Mr. Davies is refreshingly candid on this point: "Over the international bridge at Bourg Madame, there struggled all day long Germans, Italians, Russians, French, Belgians, even English, going to help as best they could, without arms, to beat the monster of Fascism" (p. 105). This is no longer possible, which explains the angry shouts of "Play the game, Ref!" from the Opposition benches when Mr. Eden mentions the Non-Intervention Agreement. We are a nation of sportsmen.

printed an open cross containing a variety of letters. As explained underneath, these letters are the initials of the words in the following Latin rhyme :

Vade retro Satana; numquam suadeas mihi vana;
Sunt mala quae libas; ipsum venenum bibas;
Crux sancta sit mihi lux; non draco sit mihi dux.

The sentiments of that innocent jingle are not peculiarly Roman Catholic but shared by all who believe, as did Christ, St. Peter, St. Paul and numerous other persons revered by Christians generally, that the devil exists and goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. I do not suppose that such an enlightened person as Mr. Davies shares their opinion, but he should not, all the same, give it out to be an invention of modern Spanish ecclesiastics. A little visit to the British Museum, which is not generally considered to be an instrument of Romanist propaganda, would show him the Cross incised or embossed on rings, medals, jewellery, seals and other personal belongings worn by highly educated people sixteen centuries ago. They even inscribed it on their dishes and plates, and the cross, if it did not contain letters, was actually formed out of the interlaced Greek letters *X* and *P*. So what our friend is pleased to call "the old magic" is a little older than he imagines, and of deeper significance than he is ever likely to guess. Mr. Davies is fierce on the subject of his find at Santiago. "It is clear," he writes, "that the purchasers will be illiterate and uninstructed in Latin; all they will know is that the letters are magical. . . They have been left in the same frame of mind as the African savages. . . Well, thanks to the Fascist revolution, these people have found that the letters F.A.I. and C.N.T. [the initials of the Anarchist and Communist-Syndicalist federations] are much more efficacious than the longer rigmarole on the cross about their necks" (pp. 196—197). On the strength of the same little picture he refers to Santiago a few pages further on as a place "where, as we have seen, witchcraft of all sorts abounds under the blessing of the very princes of the Church" (p. 203). *Parturiunt mures; nascetur ridiculus mons!*

Dear reader (if you exist!), you must be tired of Langdon-Davies and his new snobbery which is so much more snobbish than the old. You should see his brilliant page on the subject of hats and ties, those "useless symbols of pride and privilege" which "the hatted folk of history, the pirates, buccaneers, princes, señoritos and priests," have sported so

arrogantly. But Mr. Davies is worth knowing, if only as a specimen of a mentality which thinks itself modern but dates from the Flood. He was a nuisance in ancient Athens, and it was he and his like, the eternal *déracinés*, who pushed the civilization of Rome into the abyss. In Barcelona a few months ago, those genial observers of the human comedy, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, noticed a trio of the tribe orating with tremendous gusto in a language which not a soul about them could understand: "We recognized those three good fellows, those three ridiculous infants. They belong to an old, a very old tradition of ours, the tradition of the philhellènes, the philoturks, the philoarmenians, the philoboers, the philo-this-that-and-the-other, Frenchmen who pitch themselves headlong into squabbles that are none of their concern. And how sure they are of themselves, how high and mighty in their judgment of men and things!"

But it would be unfair to part from Mr. Davies without referring to the prize piece of his collection, the highest heaven of his invention. It is about the Anarchist Committee of the town of Ripoll in Catalonia:

This same Committee in a fit of irritation walked off to a certain house down the road, and, finding thirteen Fascist sympathizers met together, killed them all. Several of the victims were priests. I had taken their photograph one Holy Thursday fifteen years ago as they climbed the hill along the Via Crucis, sweating and arguing and chewing grass. Doubtless there was very little good to be said of them. But as I thought of *those superb, simple-hearted working-men and peasants in overalls, organizing as best they could to keep the Moorish invasion from saving Christianity by killing Spanish Christians; as I thought of their gentleness, their zeal, their courtesy, and how in spite of it all they had been moved to get up and kill thirteen fairly harmless men*, my heart hardened against those who had brought to Spain the most horrible atrocity of all, civil war (pp. 120—121. Italics inserted).

If that is not a gem of purest ray serene then the Koh-i-noor in the Queen's crown must be a fake. To appreciate the full beauty of it, to understand its many-faceted sublimity, the readers of THE MONTH should study the preface to the "Second and Third Reports on the Communist Atrocities in Southern Spain," issued by the Nationalist Government. It

costs a mere half-crown, from Eyre & Spottiswoode, London, but is worth its weight in gold. The preface is not by a Spaniard or a Catholic. It is by one of the most distinguished of living English historians, Mr. Arthur Bryant, who in the spring of last year spent some time wandering through the remoter parts of Spain, without introductions, and mixing almost entirely with people of the lower and lower-middle rank of life :

What I saw astonished and appalled me. Over the land lay a sense of brooding terror and tragedy. . . Government, as we know it in this fortunate country, had already ceased in many parts, and peaceful and law-abiding folk were at the mercy of gangs of extremists and local roughs, and could look for no protection from the powers that were. Every sort of outrage was being committed, at first furtively and then with increasing openness by the poor, degraded, sub-human creatures who unhappily are to be found in all places in Spain. . . Everywhere, outside the world of the big hotels and international highways, revolution was beginning. Painted on the walls of almost every village and small town I visited were the symbols of the hammer and the sickle, and in the streets the traveller was greeted with clenched fists and the clamorous signs of class hatred. . . By July all pretence of impartial government had ceased. With the murder of Sotelo, the most statesmanlike and moderate of the Spanish politicians of the Right, by Government police agents—a horror only comparable to the murder of Mr. Baldwin by a squad from Scotland Yard in a London thoroughfare—law-abiding men knew that there was nothing further to look for but extermination or a resort to arms.

But more eloquently even than Mr. Bryant's words do the terrible photographs at the end of the Report proclaim the truth. You poor dead men, women and children, you little, humble people, artisans and tillers of the soil, burned and throttled and hacked to pieces, what a commentary your dumb wounds are on the smooth evasions of our home-bred Galahads of the Moscow Grail, our Fleet Street apostles of "the gospel according to a German Jew, interpreted by a Mongol" !

Of all the books that have recently been published about

the poor country that is being butchered to make a Marxist holiday, the Tharauds' little volume, "Cruelle Espagne" (1937), is among the most interesting. They visited both sides, and they do not invoke the assistance of Freud to hal-low what appeared to them horrible on the Nationalist side. Their interview with the unhappy Unamuno a month before his sudden death is like a searchlight on the whole Spanish situation. If ever there was a soul in torment, it was that disillusioned Basque, the saint of the Second Republic, who all his life long had never ceased in his essays, poetry, pamphlets and novels to ridicule the religion of his country and decry its age-old civic traditions. Then, when the war began, he made his extraordinary *volte-face*, to the amazement of the Tharauds who knew him well, and, in happier days, had even gone on a tour of Portugal in his company. "Mais je comprends son aventure," they write. "C'est la stupéfaction d'un vieil intellectuel qui découvre tout à coup avec effroi quels fruits empoisonnés peuvent naître d'idées qui lui semblaient si raisonnables dans son cabinet de travail" (p. 71). God grant that our own intellectuals, deans and duchesses included, may not have one day a similarly rude awakening.

In what does *Espanolidad*, the essence, the soul of Spain, consist? In its religion or in nothing. There are several Spains, we know, and Rossi, with his flair for the perfect *aperçu*, describes the country as "a republic of twenty million kings." Spaniards are the most pronounced individualists on this earth. Anarchism is in their blood, and only one thing can hold them together and make of them a great nation, as it did in the past, the Catholic Faith. That was the conclusion of the Tharauds after all their wanderings. In Badajoz after its capture by the Nationalists they had seen the old life reassert itself, life of the times of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. Love's young dream paraded the ruined streets, and there was singing in the cafés. At night the Frenchmen made a tour of the town: "A chaque instant je rencontrais quelque petite église ou une chapelle de couvent, dont la porte était entr'ouverte. Tous les gens qui tout à l'heure allaient et venaient devant les cafés de la place, se trouvaient maintenant rassemblés dans ces modestes oratoires. C'était l'heure où dans toute l'Espagne on récite des litanies pour le succès des armes de Franco." In that great thunder of prayer, the two journalists fell into a meditation. Lenin had been a good prophet when he said that agrarian and in-

dustrial disturbances were to be looked for in this Spain whose soil is so poor and where life is generally so hard. But Lenin little suspected the strength of the reaction which such movements would provoke. Like all Marxists he underestimated the power of religious feeling. "For the majority of Spaniards, Spain and Catholicism are one and the same thing, and Spain has sprung to arms now, less against a Government that desired to change economic and social forms, than against a State which aspires to turn an ancient Catholic people into a nation of atheists" (pp. 159—160).

Long before the Tharauds wrote, before ever there was a Second Republic, Martinez Ruiz, or "Azorin," as he is more commonly called, bore a similar testimony to theirs. And Azorin, so far from being a Catholic, had started off in Unamuno's camp as a violently destructive critic of his country's institutions. But he truly loved Spain, and throughout his life used his art and his genius for the one purpose of understanding her. What was the vision to which this former anarchist and surrealist attained? He tells us himself in his account of a visit which he paid to a little village in the Pyrenees in 1909:

In the midst of the frivolous summer with its casinos and elegant sea-fronts, I had escaped for a little while from that light and thoughtless world. The hour was for my soul an oasis, for I felt myself to be in an atmosphere of sincerity and faith. And I thought of Spain. I saw in my mind's eye our sanctuaries and chapels, the Calvaries planted round with stern cypresses, and the oratories at the gates of old towns. Convents silent and secluded came before me, with their charming gardens, sunshiny cells and long sonorous cloisters. I saw the hermitages pitched in the winding hollows of a mountain or rising lonely in the monotony of a plain. In a word, I counted over all the resorts of piety in our Spain. Is it not in those churches, calvaries, hermitages and convents, in this gaunt sky and the austerity of this flat earth, that there resides the whole of our soul, all the intense and energetic spirit of our race?

It comes to this, that the best guide to the soul of Spain who ever lived was St. Teresa of Jesus.

JAMES BRODRICK.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN AUSTRIA

II

ONE of the most obvious comments upon the futility of war, and in particular upon that of the World War with the imperfect treaties at its close, is the simple fact that the very aims which it was popularly supposed to have secured, have been rendered more insecure than ever. It was the war to put a stop to war : but the years since, after a first period of exhaustion, have been sapped by the germs of revolution, marked by the new technique of conducting war without the inconvenience of declaring it and disfigured by brutal and appalling persecution of religion. Even humanitarian England now begins to react more slowly to such grim happenings. The pre-War Armenian massacres probably provoked greater popular indignation than the wholesale murder of Spanish Christians has been suffered to arouse. Not that this sentiment is lacking ; there is enough of it to obscure the popular judgment ; but prejudice and skilful propaganda have carefully canalized it in one particular direction. The Great War was to make the world safe for democracy. That aim was, alas ! so strikingly falsified that democracy, at least in the form in which the peace-makers conceived it, scarcely exists to-day in Central and Southern Europe. It was to allow the smaller peoples to have free expression for their national ideals and life. The result has been that all nations, large and small, are now screaming their rival national aspirations at one another in a loud cacophonous chorus.

One special instance of these "boomerang" consequences of the peace treaties is to be found in the position of modern Austria. No doubt their framers were glad to think of an isolated Germany, between Poland and the newly-formed Little Entente Powers in the East, and France and Belgium, with England discreetly in the background, in the West. Austria-Hungary, the second enemy State, had ceased to exist. But they were not directly responsible for its disintegration. In October, 1918, before the War was officially at an end, the Southern Slavs had advanced to meet the French army and formed at Agram a Union of Serbs, Croats

and Slovenes; at Warsaw a Council of Regency was appointed and a new Polish State declared; the first Czech Government established itself in Paris and was at once accorded French and American recognition. On November 12th the Viennese proclaimed a Republic, not, it should be remembered, as a permanently independent regime but as an integral part of the German Republic. Circumstances made such a break-up inevitable. The peace-makers are neither to be blamed nor congratulated, though I do not imagine that much time was lost in expressions of regret or votes of condolence. What they did was to ratify an already existing situation. But they failed to secure a more equitable distribution of territory, which would have rendered eventual co-operation between the new countries an easier matter and have allowed mutual antagonism and grievances to disappear and die.

As far as Germany and Austria are concerned, the problem that remains is the following. A somewhat unwieldy ally was lost to the former and in its place was left a small Germanic State which it was hoped would function on its own, though little effort was made to see that such functioning would be possible. The former ally loses the sense of its separate destiny and desires to be incorporated in the greater Reich. The question of the *Anschluss* became a practical one long before Versailles and Trianon had seen the last of their delegates. It was easy enough to forbid that *Anschluss* to a weakened and impoverished Germany in the few years after the War. To refuse it to a Germany that has grown in strength, self-consciousness and prestige, if it be still the will of the Austria of 1937 as it was that of the Austria of 1919 and 1920, would be by no means as simple an affair. And once it were realized, Germany would be left the undisputed master of Central and South-Central Europe with a population nearly equal to that of England plus France.

To avert such a union, two other courses might be followed. Austria could remain as she is, a relatively small country and very ill-balanced, since two of her seven million people are settled in one city, Vienna, with all the inconveniences that visit a State opposed to the economic nationalism of others. Or she might enter into a loose form of Federation, in which, while not pooling her sovereignty with the others, she would enjoy the economic and political advantages of a larger grouping. The first solution is still the accepted one and a whole-

hearted attempt is being made to transform the country into a Corporate State, inspired by the Papal doctrines on social reconstruction. With this attempt Monarchist propaganda is obviously connected. Apart from the historical associations of the House of Habsburg, the restoration of a Kaiser would give the country a mark of completeness and independence which is at present lacking. But, without prejudice to a later settlement that could still include a monarch, feelers are being put out to test the possibility of some kind of federation. If this could be achieved, then a smaller and more bourgeois edition of the old Danube Empire would have been reissued. In the light of post-War experience the question suggests itself whether, after all, the old Imperial regime was not the natural solution, granted the admixture of many peoples in that part of Europe. Not, of course, in the form it actually took, both before and after 1867, but in a more elastic and enlightened system. One might well wonder whether, had the Dual Monarchy been replaced by a more generous arrangement that would have allowed a measured autonomy to Northern and Southern Slavs, the final disintegration would have come to pass. It was the fashion to smile at the "ramshackle" Empire with its various portions held together by bureaucratic links. Had it been even more ramshackle or, perhaps better, had it enjoyed a looser and more pliable articulation, the various Danube problems might not have existed with quite the same acuteness to-day. It is known that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Emperor Franz Josef, was in favour of such a solution; and this was part of the reason for his unpopularity with the Germans within the Empire and the Slavs outside it. In October, 1918, when it was too late, it was accepted in principle by the last Government of the Kaiser Karl. It must be remembered that the Austrians were the nucleus of the old Empire and might well be that of a newer federation. There is a tendency to regard them as a feckless and light-hearted folk in a kaleidoscopic picture of Tyrolese *Lederhosen* and White Horse Inns and chocolate soldiers, to say that they are free-and-easy (which they are), inefficient (which they may sometimes be) and poor soldiers (which they most certainly are not). We would do well not to forget that this small land of Germans held together a large Empire, and not generally in too brutal a manner, under the House of Habsburg. It is now considered more "liberal" that the separate nations should

be independent and that they are happier so, that Slovak should be united with Czech, and Croat and Slovene with Serb. There is much to be said for this, though after fifteen years of such experience it is by no means certain that Slovak and Slovene feel as contented about their position as did, and no doubt do, their liberal patrons.

The position and eventual co-operation of the heirs to the Empire is not merely of political importance. It is a political question of course; but one which is of definite Catholic interest. For all the peoples concerned are predominantly Catholic. Austria is overwhelmingly so, in spite of the evil effects of the liberal tradition of the whole nineteenth century: roughly two-thirds of Hungary is Catholic, even after the Turkish occupation of her central provinces for a hundred and fifty years and with all the strength of Calvinism among her lesser gentry and commercial class: Croats, Slovenes and Slovaks are Catholic also, though the two first are incorporated in Yugoslavia which is less vitally interested in a Danube solution. Catholic, too, are the great majority of the Czechs, though here the revolt and heresy of Huss are intertwined with the national tradition. It is clear, therefore, that the growth of co-operation and even of federation between these peoples would be not only of political value but of distinct interest to those who would welcome the re-emergence of a fairly large and predominantly Catholic Power in South-Eastern Europe.

It is not my intention to treat of this complicated question in greater detail but merely to regard it from one point of view, that, namely, of Austria, and to see in the changing external relations of that country since the War what approach has been made towards such a federation, as also towards the other solution, the *Anschluss*. The external relations which matter are those with the smaller States of the Little Entente, especially Czechoslovakia, and with Hungary, and those with the two larger countries of Germany and Italy. English and French intervention has occasionally made itself felt but, apart from relief work and financial aid, it was chiefly negative, vetoing the *Anschluss*, tentatively outlined in the Republican Constitution and preventing the later Austro-German Customs Union, proposed in 1931 by Dr. Schober.

From 1919 till 1921 the attitude of the newly-formed Czechoslovakia and of Roumania and Yugoslavia whose territories had been considerably enlarged as the result of the War, towards both Hungary and Austria was naturally one of

suspicion and anxiety. Disintegration had set in; the old order had passed without bequeathing anything definite in its stead. Enervation consequent upon defeat left men weary and indifferent. The Communist Revolution, which was to maintain itself in Budapest for five months, was always possible in Vienna. Economic distress became daily more apparent. Austria had the currency but not the food or coal. The coal was denied her by the Czechs, while the Hungarians were retaining their wheat for themselves. For a time she was practically in a state of blockade. On the ill-defined frontiers there were clashes between the undisciplined *Volkswehr* and the Czech troops, and peasant levies in the south resisted the advance of the victorious Serbs. The Habsburgs were indeed gone but had not renounced their rights. There was the dread that they might come back and then would not, perhaps, the attraction exercised by their name loosen the racial cement which now attached Slovak to Czech, and Slovene and Croat to Serb? The last Emperor Karl made two attempts to regain his Hungarian throne. They were unsuccessful, but it was not evident whether this was due to fear of foreign Powers or reluctance to re-admit a Habsburg king. In any case, after the suppression of the Communist Revolution Hungary obstinately declared itself a monarchy and no republic, and Admiral Horthy was neither President nor Dictator but Regent. After Karl's second *Putsch* the Czechs asserted that the restoration of the monarchy in Hungary would be a *casus belli*; and with this declaration Roumania and Jugoslavia were associated.

But already relations between Austria and the new Czech State were growing more normal, if not yet friendly. In December, 1921, a convention was signed which acknowledged the two Treaties of Trianon and St. Germain, and promised mutual aid in case of attack. This *rapprochement* between the two was caused in part by the support given by Czechoslovakia to the Austrians in their dispute with the Hungarians over Burgenland. Indeed, relations between Austria and the new Hungarian Government were bad and at one period critical. During the spring and summer of 1919 members of the Social-Democratic administration in Vienna had given, if not direct assistance, at least definite encouragement and sympathy to the notorious Bela Kun and his fellow-Communists in Hungary. The extremist leaders do not deny that they gave it their support and permitted Bolshevik money

and agitators to enter Austria. A Communist rising in that country, timed for June 15th, was robbed of its sting by the energetic action of the chief of police who rounded up 130 of its prospective leaders on the evening before. The fall of Kun and the triumph of counter-revolution strengthened the opposition to the Social Democrats in Austria, though these were still strong enough to clamour for war against the "Whites." Anti-Austrian feeling in Hungary was further intensified by the Burgenland affair. After the Treaty of Trianon had been concluded, a commission was sent to hand over to Austria a small portion of West Hungary, eventually more or less partitioned between them, known as Burgenland. I have heard this attributed to the Machiavellian-mindedness of the peace-makers and to an intention to keep the two countries from uniting or remaining on over-friendly terms. Cynics, on the other hand, have made it due to a disarming innocence of geography. But whatever the motive or explanation, it very nearly provoked a war and succeeded in embittering relations for many years.

In this struggle Italy, that was commencing to interest herself in Danube politics, was on the side of Hungary. The connexion between Austria and Italy in the immediate post-War years is not of great importance. Italian troops had occupied part of the Tyrol and the peace had given them the southern portion of that province as well as the Trentino. There thus was and is an "Austria irredenta" in Italian hands. It is well to remember that the Austrians very definitely do not like their southern neighbours. National antipathies are no doubt unreasonable; but they are deep-seated for all that. In cosmopolitan Vienna this attitude may not be so marked; in the country districts it is sufficiently clear. The Italians are the foreigners *tout court*, the *Welschen*, distrusted and, to tell the truth, somewhat despised, though in *Heimwehr* circles this feeling was shot through with an admiration for Mussolini and the Fascist achievement. There is little danger of the Austrian becoming Italianate. Their political association in recent years is political and little more. In fact, one of the reasons for the unpopularity of the *Heimwehr*, in Government as well as Socialist and Nazi circles, was its too close approach to Italy. Hungary was Italy's first protégé north of the Alps.

But if relations with Italy were of no great moment, with Germany it was quite different. Mention has been made of

the original form which it was proposed to give to the Republic, namely, that of a part of the larger German Reich. In the disillusionment of defeat Austrians felt that their national task was accomplished and that the only path to be taken was the return way to their ancient home. Besides, since the Social Democrats were masters of the administration in both countries, it was but natural that they should come together. Plebiscites, held in 1921 in two provinces not strongly influenced by Socialism, show how strong was this appeal. Of the votes cast in Tyrol and Salzburg over 95 per cent were in favour of direct union with Germany. Meanwhile, there was French intervention; the first non-Socialist Chancellor, Dr. Mayr, resigned, and it was agreed to postpone further plebiscites in the hope of obtaining financial relief from abroad. The Christian-Social party which now had the leading part in the Government, gradually dissociated itself from the policy of the *Anschluss* and, as economic conditions were bettered, its need was felt to be less insistent. Throughout this period relations with Germany remained on the whole friendly and secure.

In the last four or five years several developments have served to change the position of Austria and to vary her relationship with the surrounding States. Italy has increased her interest in the Danube valley, manifested friendship towards Austria and tried to draw her with her neighbour Hungary into closer economic and political association with herself. Monarchists who hoped for the restoration of the Archduke Otto, began to look to Italy to counterbalance the opposition of the Little Entente; they had good grounds for this since Fascism had been converted to the monarchical principle, and better relations between Italy and Jugoslavia are of still more recent date. Fears of Nazi expansionist policy turned the eyes of others to the one great Power to the south which might give effective aid to save their independence. The realization that the Parliamentary system in Austria needed drastic revision and that the Government must soon wage a struggle along a Nazi as well as a Socialist front, attracted many to think of a new constitution not unlike that of Italian Fascism. Parliament was eventually dissolved, the Socialist and later all other parties abolished, and the task of reconstruction undertaken. The *Heimwehr* with its leader, Prince Starhemberg, was all for Fascism. When its clauses were published, the new Corporate State was seen to have obvious

points of resemblance to the Italian system, though it cannot rightly be termed Fascist. It was under Dr. Dollfuss that Italian influence reached its zenith and indeed so great had become the identity of interest that southern troops occupied the Brenner after the Chancellor's murder, ready presumably to take action in the possible but unlikely event of a German attack.

The period of office of Dr. von Schuschnigg may be said not unfairly to be characterized by the desire to withdraw from a too narrow dependence upon Italy, to re-establish good relations with the German Reich and easier co-operation with Hungary and Czechoslovakia. After the troubled post-War years, Hungary and Austria are friendly once more. The recent visit of the Austrian President, Chancellor and Foreign Minister to Budapest was marked by genuine popular enthusiasm. With Czechoslovakia it has not been quite as simple to maintain excellent relations. But the new Chancellor has made it his special charge to keep those relations as untroubled as he can. His visit to Prague a month or two ago was frowned upon in Germany and greeted with none too kindly an eye in many quarters in his own land. The situation of Czechoslovakia is not an enviable one. It has a large and determined German minority, is the butt of German criticism and propaganda, and is generally considered to be in too close and none too healthy association with the Soviet States. Moreover, it has become a home of refuge for Socialist and Communist politicians from Austria and the Reich, and most of the Communist propaganda in Austria is held to be directed from its too hospitable land. In spite of this there is political *rapprochement* between the two countries and it may well be that, impressed with the growing isolation of their own position, the Czechs would gladly hear something more concerning a federal arrangement and, in the presence of Austro-Hungarian union, waive their once violent objections to a Habsburg return.

During the past two years Italy has been occupied with the Abyssinian campaign and to a lesser extent with the cause of General Franco. Her problems are mainly colonial and Mediterranean so that she has little more for the moment to give to her Central European friends than advice and encouragement. In addition the worsening of her relations with England and with France have led her to seek an understanding with Germany. To use the prevailing jargon, one wing

of the Stresa Front has swung eastwards through several degrees and become an end of the Rome-Berlin axis. Reports of the Venice conversations between Mussolini and von Schuschnigg suggest that if Austria does not relish too much dependence upon Italian aid, Italy too would not be sorry to reduce her commitments there. It was stated in the Italian Press that collaboration with the Austrian Nazis was recommended to the Chancellor, even to the inclusion in the executive of ministers of Nazi, as distinct from more widely-German sympathies. Externally at least, relations between the Reich and its smaller neighbour have improved during last year and this. Frontier restrictions have been removed and in the Agreement of July 11, 1936, Austria declared herself to be a German State and received the recognition of her full sovereignty. This has not, however, removed every feeling of anxiety from the Austrian mind; for some it is a cause for greater alarm. They do not imagine that the Nazi ideal of One Race : One Leader : One State : has been seriously laid aside, and are afraid that the guarantee can be only a temporary one or, put more bluntly, will be withdrawn as soon as it would suit the Power which gave it. The alternatives, then, are eventual, if not immediate absorption by the Reich, and an independence, which would be strengthened by a restoration of the monarchy and not seriously impaired by an elastic federal arrangement with two at least of its smaller neighbours. The fear is widespread that the resumption of normal relations with Germany since last July is certain to work in favour of the first solution. There were quite Catholic circles in Austria with a measure of sympathy towards Nazi-ism and the hope that they might exercise a moderating influence upon it from within. The *Reichspost* has inclined to this attitude which found expression also in a book of Mgr. Hudal. The fact that tension between State and Church in Germany has increased rather than diminished and the serious warning of the Encyclical "Mit brennender Sorge" have set them in retreat from that position. At the other end of the scale are those who consider that the great mistake of Dr. Dollfuss was his inability to conciliate the Social Democrats. Dr. Winter, till recently Assistant Bürgomeister of Vienna, would combine the notion of a monarchy with that of a common front of four European cultures, Christian, Democratic, Fascist and even Marxist, against the common enemy of Nazi ideology and action.

In conclusion it might be worth the asking what proportion of the Austrians are in favour of these different solutions. We are told that the present Government is a minority one. That may be true in the sense that more than half of the population, if it suddenly understood what the question was about, might prefer some other system. Suppose for a moment that every Austrian was politically-minded and that one could play with percentages, the sum total of Socialists plus Communists plus Nazis could well exceed that of the supporters of the present regime. But what is more certain than this particular piece of political arithmetic is that the Socialists would be more uncomfortable on that side of the equation than they in fact are. It is unreal to say that thirty per cent of any country thinks politically in one manner, thirty per cent more in another and the remainder in still different ways. The vast majority of people do not think politically at all; and are probably the better for it. The number of enthusiasts, of apostles for any special cause, is relatively small; what bourgeois, industrial workers and peasants alike desire is a reasonable security, better economic circumstances and the chance to lead their lives without undue interference from any source. They are usually more certain of what it is that they dislike, of that which they want righted, than of any programme which promises to remove or correct it. Several hundred thousand workers in Vienna were in the habit of voting Socialist. The relics of Marxism are still there and there is much resentment, but in spite of Communist propaganda from without, the influence of the Marxist doctrinaire has dwindled. A Communist *coup d'état*, as distinct from local disorder and violence, is out of the question; it would play straight into German hands. A large number of civil servants, teachers and members of the professions, as well as a good proportion of students at the Universities and Technical Schools, have Nazi leanings. They have affinities with the old Pan-German party and feel that there would be more scope for their activity in a State of seventy millions than is possible in one of seven. The peasants of Carinthia are somewhat race-conscious, because of their proximity to the Southern Slavs; the Tyrolese also since the loss of their province south of the Brenner. The difficulties under which the peasants have laboured for some years, caused partly by the dumping of Russian timber and partly by the inability of the Germans to buy from them and pay for their imports, have

been exploited by Nazi emissaries, and the harassed peasant has been shown the vision of a golden market to which the *Anschluss* would supposedly lead. When times are hard (and they are not yet easy for country or for town in Austria) someone will have to put up with the abuse. And that someone is generally the Government, with the Church and, of course, the Jews. A growing anti-Semitism, both in Vienna and throughout the provinces, has helped, and has also been developed by Nazi-ism.

With all this a very large body of the people is happier where it is than where it might be, and is hopeful of the success of the new State in course of construction. The very peasants who grumble to-day would to-morrow be the first to rejoice were there a Habsburg back in the Hofburg. Suppose this a *fait accompli*, half the people would be exultant and of the others still uncertain a fair proportion would soon be won. It must be remembered that devotion to Austria *qua* Austria is something entirely new and is a creation of the last few years. The Austrian has always had two loyalties, the one to race and origin, the sense of being of German stock; the other to the House of Habsburg in which the unity of the old cosmopolitan Empire was centred. It is more than doubtful whether they wanted a Republic; they certainly did not want the one they got. The Corporate State should enjoy a better destiny; and it does not rule out the traditional solution. It is interesting as well as significant that the final choice would seem to lie between this old-established and double loyalty.

JOHN MURRAY.

Clouds of Glory

YOUTH'S eyes are keen in grove and field and brook
To read the tiniest text of Nature's book:
Wood-songs and sunset glories, tone and tint—
All beauty, grandeur, kindness—sweetly hint
To souls unsullied whence their charms arise,
Memorials of a vanished Paradise.
Yet greater worth lies shining in their sum—
The promise of the Paradise to come!

J.K.

NEW WAR AND OLD ETHICS

"THOU shalt not kill." Thus the Almighty has set His canon against human slaughter of every kind, reserving to Himself alone the right of terminating the lives on earth of the rational beings to whom He gives existence. Murder is, therefore, an insolent defiance of God's supreme dominion, as well as a violation of His creatures' primary right—the right to live. It is also a grievous sin against the two great commandments of the Law, the love of God and of the neighbour. Yet the taking of human life is not always murder: it is justified when man acts with God's authority, as when the Chosen People exterminated various heathen tribes in Palestine. And in the New Dispensation "the power of the sword" is vindicated for the civil authority by the Apostle Paul, whilst the Christian Church has always upheld, both for the State and the individual, the right of self-defence against an unjust aggressor, even to the extent of causing death.

On this right is ultimately based the practice of legitimate warfare, which is essentially the protection of some important and certain right against unjust attack or the vindication of some similarly weighty claim unjustly opposed. But just as from the days of Cain onwards the world has always been full of criminal disregard of God's prohibition of murder, so war between nations has too commonly been undertaken without the needful warrant of justice. When asked why he had invaded Silesia in a time of entire peace, Frederick the Great gave the following reasons—"The vivacity of my temperament, my well-filled war-chest, a favourable opportunity, and an ambition for glory." These are the words of a godless cynic, but equally immoral grounds have lain at the basis of most international struggles. War always originates in injustice on one side or the other, or, indeed, on both, and man, though endowed with reason, has constantly preferred to be led by passion and to settle his disputes like the irrational creation by the arbitrament of force. Wherever Christian principles are unheeded, the mere possession of power is held to justify the use of it to enforce its possessor's will and to advance his interests. This immoral persuasion,

which it was hoped that the Great War would banish for ever, is to-day more widespread and vocal than ever. In his great farewell speech on May 18th in the Albert Hall, Mr. Baldwin said :

Freedom for common men, which was to have been the fruit of victory, is once more in jeopardy in our own land because it has been taken away from the common men of other lands . . . what is clear is that to-day Europe is neither at war nor at peace, but stands at armed attention. For every soldier that died at the Front another stands in his place; for every ship sent to the bottom of the sea, another rides the waves; for every aeroplane brought down to earth twenty new ones sail the skies . . . what is much worse is this : peace in some quarters is proclaimed as a bad dream, and war sanctified as an ideal for rational men.

Unless there is a recognition of Christian principles in international dealings, as Mr. Baldwin frankly confessed, the gloom of this picture must be intensified. Although war has always hitherto been regarded as a relic of barbarism, an abandonment of civilized processes in favour of those of the jungle, we find that, instead of being scouted as an instrument of national policy according to the widely-signed Kellogg Pact, the dictators have now put it in the forefront of their dealings with other nations, dragging the rest of the world with them in their journey towards the abyss. We are told that the "war-index" of the last quarter-century is eight times greater than that of those that are gone : civilization is manifestly receding towards a pre-Christian level—a natural result of the practical abandonment of Christian standards. Is there no means of arresting this ominous decline? We can at least call attention to it as earnestly as possible.

We cannot be surprised that, in despair of making their rulers realize this their peril, many earnest Christians are seeking the short cut of denouncing war as essentially immoral and pledging themselves to have nothing to do with it. It would, indeed, simplify matters if the whole force of Christian belief and sentiment could be directed against warfare as something *per se* sinful, something to be avoided under pain of eternal damnation. However, if all genuine Christians had thus to refuse to bear or use arms against their fellows, the immediate result would probably be a consider-

able decrease of armed forces in lands at least nominally Christian, but a subsequent concentration of force in the hands of non-Christian and anti-Christian communities and a speedy destruction of Christian civilization. It is bad enough now, when, as in Spain, there are still some champions of Christendom determined not to let Antichrist have his way in their dear country. But extreme pacifism would not only have worse results than the desperate disease it aims at curing, but is also demonstrably in contradiction to natural reason. And nothing irrational can form a sound basis for policy; nor, for that matter, be found recommended or enjoined in the supremely wise teaching of Christ. Without maintaining the right of self-defence national communities could not subsist, and even the precarious and imperfect international order of to-day would dissolve into chaos. Yet on April 5th some hundreds of pacifist Anglicans, lay and clerical, presented a resolution at Lambeth Palace which opened with the declaration of their "passionate conviction that Jesus Christ would refuse in any cause whatever to employ the methods of modern war," and ended by urging "all members of the Church to maintain that war is essentially evil."

Moreover, we occasionally meet amongst Catholics, who should know better, traces of the same unsound and irrational pacifism—a denunciation of the use of force to defend Christianity as something definitely unChristian! "Are we to fight Communism," we read in a little American publication,¹ "as it is being done in Spain—by brother killing brother? God forbid!" This is a typical specimen of confused thinking. General Franco is not fighting Communism but Communists, whose aim is to extirpate all those who share the faith and practice of Catholic Spain, as they have already done in Madrid, in Barcelona and in all the Red territory. Only when that murderous assault has been successfully overcome will he be able to "fight Communism," as he is already doing in Nationalist Spain, by destroying the social injustice from which it largely springs. The American writer apparently shares the shallow and false historical generalization—"force never settles anything." One would have thought that all educated folk knew that armed violence has settled once for all quite a number of things—whether Spain, for instance, should become a Mohammedan State, or whether the Turk should complete the conquest of Europe. Are we

¹ *The Social Justice Bulletin*, December, 1936, p. 2.

to say that the great Dominican, Pope St. Pius V, who, by organizing the League that won Lepanto, put an end to the Turkish menace in the Mediterranean, or John Sobieski who finally drove the Turk out of Hungary, or St. Joan of Arc who broke the English power in France, settled nothing once for all? In the New Dispensation, almost as openly as in the Old, Almighty God can be seen to have used human warfare, in spite of the imperfection of the instrument, to accomplish His beneficent purposes.

We may readily grant that the use of force is contrary to the ideal of Christianity, for if Christianity became real and universal, men would be guided by reason and faith, evil passions and impulses would be under control, and force would be unnecessary. But the conjectured conduct of Our Lord in conditions which He did not encounter, being excluded from His experience by the purpose of His Coming, His status as a Victim and the necessary limitations of His mortal existence, is constantly and improperly appealed to by pacifists. Christ would not organize an army: still less would Christ actually fight: if, then, we would be His followers, we must adopt His spirit. The appeal is unreasonable, for the right of self-defence, and the duty, on occasion, of defending the State, are derived from the law of nature which Christ did not abrogate but fulfilled. Nor did He legislate directly for the community—a purely temporal entity—but for the individual. He refused to assume earthly Kingship. He did not teach how States should be governed but how souls should be saved. Accordingly, the statement from the American periodical already mentioned—"The teachings of Christ, His example during His public ministry and the organization of the Christian Church in apostolic times most certainly eliminated force as a possible method of settling disputes of any kind"—finds no support in Catholic teaching or tradition, early or late.¹

One would not thus elaborate what is, after all, an elementary point of Christian morality, were it not that Catholics, so opposed for one reason or another to the policies of General Franco as to be ready to make cause with virulent enemies of the Catholic Faith, have denied it or sought to evade its force by mystical word-spinning. The Spanish conflict, however, has raised moral issues which are more debatable concerning the intervention of outsiders and the methods

¹ A fuller discussion of the legitimate use of force in the cause of Right may be read in "A Pacifist Heresy," *THE MONTH*, October, 1936.

of modern warfare. To begin with, how far is it morally permissible for a person to take sides, either in person or by supplying war-material, in any conflict in which his own country is not involved? He can actively support his own nation in war only when he is morally certain that it is in the right; may he volunteer to help another nation, or a section of any other nation, if he really thinks that thus he is forwarding the cause of justice? The question is important for, unrighteous war being mass-murder, one cannot lightly run the risk of sinning so gravely, just for love of adventure or for political sympathy or for a monetary reward. One is doubly bound to make sure of the justice of a cause, which no motives of patriotism bind one to support. Yet I wonder whether many of the "volunteers" on either side in Spain have given this question a moment's thought and taken means to set their consciences right before taking communist or nationalist pay? The matter, to be sure, would hardly trouble unbelievers, whilst those on Franco's side have the visible assurance that they are fighting for religion, law, order, and the restoration and development of an historic Catholic culture. The issue is almost as clear as when, in 1870, volunteers from all over the world came to Rome to defend the Pope against the assailants of the Temporal Power. We may assume that a religious motive of this sort, rather than zeal for an imaginary Fascism, has inspired those who have freely given their services to the Nationalist cause.

We notice that pacifists in their denunciation of war lay stress, not without cause, on the increasing barbarity of its methods. We have travelled a long way from those dark medieval times when soldiers might be seen killing each other in one field whilst the peaceful ploughman drove his horses in the next. Now, nation is arrayed against nation, not merely national forces against national forces, and the category of non-combatant, with all the rights pertaining to it, has more and more shrunk in extent. By laws passed since the Great War, France and Poland on the declaration of war, automatically mobilize for service against the enemy their entire adult populations, men and women, thus placing them formally outside the area of protection. When we look at the Hague Convention of 1907, intended to regulate and humanize warfare,¹ we realize how rapidly in the intervening

¹ A list of them is given in "A Primer of Peace and War" (C.S.G.), p. 88, § 48.

three decades all attempts to restrain the savagery of modern war have been frustrated. These Conventions lay down the rights of non-combatants—security of life and private property, respect for religious conviction and practice, and for patriotic feeling, etc. They forbid the killing of prisoners, the bombardment of undefended towns, the destruction of churches, artistic monuments and places devoted to good works, the use of weapons "calculated to cause unnecessary harm"—all of which prohibitions and many others have been almost wholly swept away by the use of that devilish engine of indiscriminate destruction, which, nevertheless, all nations are planning to employ, the bombing aeroplane.

We have the melancholy opportunity of studying the "next war" at close range though on a small scale, in the hapless land of Spain, where, bombing and shooting from the air, as being cheaper and more effective than ordinary artillery work, are being very extensively employed. There is, indeed, no moral difference between the two processes. Granted the lawfulness of firing shells into an enemy town from a long-range gun, dropping bombs from the air cannot be forbidden on ethical grounds. Both weapons are such that they cannot discriminate between soldiers and civilians, between hospitals and hotels, or even between friend and foe. The reproach of their use at all lies on the "civilized" States which are determined to exclude no means, however cruel, of asserting their will. At one time there was a chance of a common agreement to surrender this particularly horrible method of fighting, but it was too convenient for the repressing of savage tribes in difficult country to be laid aside by those who had that task, and the opportunity passed. As for its reported abuse for the destruction of non-military centres and non-combatants by the Spanish Nationalists, the dice are so heavily loaded in the British Press against the latter as to render immediately suspect all stories of anti-Red atrocities. Even the case of the bombing of Guernica, which *The Times* paraded in a long dispatch, has been subsequently reported in such contradictory fashion that the truth remains quite uncertain. Our point is that with the new conception of nation fighting nation, and with the virtual transference of campaigning from the earth to the air, a state of affairs has arisen which demands a restatement of the ethics of war. Are methods of fighting which can rightly be called inhuman, also immoral? Unnecessary suffering inflicted on any sen-

tient being constitutes the sin of cruelty. Can we eliminate, as the Hague Convention hoped to do, not suffering, which is inevitable, but cruelty from warfare? Are all violent means, calculated to overcome opposition to the assertion of undoubted rights, *eo ipso* justified? Noxious gases, expanding bullets, chain-shot, saw-bayonets, infection of drink-supplies—such abominations, forbidden at the Hague, do not greatly differ in their effects from the means now actually sanctioned—flame-throwers, hand-grenades, bayonet-thrusts, high-explosives. Where is the line to be drawn, and—who is to draw it?

Such curbing of national assertiveness and such humanizing of belligerency as have hitherto been achieved have come about through the influence of Christianity, the first law of which is love, and through the labours of Christian moralists. Christianity preaches a natural society of nations, independent of human conventions, bound together by charity as well as justice. Christian moralists have elaborated, in such detail and with such clearness, the motives that justify war, that they can be found combined only with great difficulty in any particular dispute. To-day our moral theologians have the opportunity and the duty of taking into account many other factors which should make a just war less possible. An often-quoted speech of Cardinal Faulhaber, delivered just five years ago when the pathetically-unreal Disarmament Conference had started its course, provides both stimulus and guidance for that enterprise. A whole host of questions demand solution or at least clearer definition, the first and most radical of which is—Has not the time come for declaring even defensive warfare unjust because no longer inevitable? The apparatus for peaceful settlement of disputes, the World Court of International Justice, though still imperfect, needs only good will and a sincere desire of justice to function effectively. Again, does not the law of charity forbid the outbreak of an armed quarrel which cannot but have disastrous consequences to innocent neutrals, and which is bound to leave the combatants themselves in many ways worse off than when they began it? Are not nations *obliged* to seek in friendly combination the security which they desire and which cannot be otherwise obtained? And are not individual citizens, now that the consequences of a general conflict are so clearly felt and understood, bound to exert themselves to keep public opinion averse to war? Those who have the mis-

fortune at the moment to live in Totalitarian States which rest on a false militaristic philosophy, should at least keep their souls free from its contagion and hope for better times. The hope for world-peace, now that little can be expected from the world-rulers, rests on well-informed public opinion, convinced not only of its offence against human brotherhood but of the injustice of most of its pretexts, and the unlawful extension of its effects. The more the existing League of Nations is discredited on account of the unwillingness of most of the Great Powers to make it effective, the more we should insist upon the international solidarity, which arises from the earth and the fullness thereof belonging to the Lord of all, and the nations being His offspring. It should, above all, be made clear that no nation, in the circumstances of our day, has the right or the authority to bring about for its own interests a state of war in any quarter of the globe, except in the one case of war being the only means of saving its liberty and integrity from unjust attack. The inevitable injury thus inflicted upon its neighbours may in that instance be regarded as retribution for their failure to prevent by peaceful organization the possibility of such an attack.

Accordingly, whilst carefully avoiding the heretical doctrine that the law of God forbids self-defence on the part of nation as well as individual, we see that the cause of world-peace—the peace which the world cannot itself attain, but which Christ through the agency of Christians can bestow—demands the continued and earnest endeavours of Catholics. We have to protest against everything that tends to make warfare unjust and inhuman. We must eschew all glorification of war which in itself, although it has sometimes to be employed, is a relapse into savagery, unworthy of rational beings. We must cultivate peace in our hearts, remembering that there, at any rate, we can and should overcome evil by good. And we must demand respectfully from our spiritual authorities the guidance which we need amid the many perplexities to which new world-conditions have given rise in the dealings of nation with nation.

JOSEPH KEATING.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

A CORONATION AFTERMATH.

NO one would wish to speak otherwise than appreciatively and sympathetically of the stupendous efforts made to enhance the splendour of the coronation celebration, and it is impossible to maintain a doubt of the wonderful success with which those efforts have been crowned. Weather and other conditions have not been entirely propitious, but the enthusiasm shown has been marvellous, and, thanks to the foresight and organization of the Earl Marshal and those working under him, no contretemps of a serious kind has marred the full enjoyment of this season of revelry. What is more, it seems that there has been on the whole a relaxation of those rather strained Anglican pretensions to endow the anointed sovereign with an ecclesiastical character which were particularly prominent in the two coronations which preceded. It is true that the Archbishop of Canterbury in the "Official Souvenir Programme" assured His Majesty's subjects that "by his anointing—regarded from early days as the central feature of the ceremony—the King is consecrated, and by symbolic garments he is invested with that spiritual character—that care, protection and supervision of the Church and religion of his people—which has always been an attribute of his office." But there has been at the same time a certain evident recognition of the fact that it would be dangerous and unhistorical to press these claims too far. If, on the one hand, reluctance seems to have been shown to take back explicitly anything which was formerly said, we are, on the other hand, made aware that evidence which was at one time ignored has now been considered and has exercised a restraining effect upon an excessive ecclesiasticism.

A curious example of the wish to take advantage of any medieval commendation of the rite is provided in the service which was broadcast "in preparation for the coronation" on May 9th, a programme of which was printed and circulated by the B.B.C. beforehand. Under the title of "A Bishop to his King" an extract is made from a letter which Grosseteste addressed to Henry III in which at the sovereign's express desire he comments on the meaning of the unction, and states that "the royal anointing is the sign of the privilege of receiving the sevenfold gift of the most holy Spirit, and by this sevenfold gift the anointed King is bound in a more especial manner than those who are not anointed to carefulness in all his royal actions and those of his Government." But a

fuller explanation is needed of the circumstances under which this letter was written.

The King had desired Grosseteste to admit one Robert Passelew to the living of St. Peter's, Northampton, which the Bishop conscientiously could not do, considering him unfit to have the cure of souls. In announcing his refusal and his reasons he draws a careful distinction between the royal and the sacerdotal powers. "We recognize," he says, "two principles of authority in the world; the authority of the priesthood and that of the King. The first directs all pertaining to eternal peace; the second all pertaining to temporal peace—they mutually help each other, and as a consequence, neither should be an impediment to the other—the sacerdotal authority certainly does not interfere with the regal in its government of the State by just laws, in its protection of it by arms, in its making it illustrious by ensuring good conduct; so, on the other hand, the royal authority does not hinder the sacerdotal in watching over the safety of the flock, in ministering to it the bread of the word of God, in manifesting illustrious examples of holy works, in insisting upon vigils, fastings and assiduous prayers, which, as the Apostle testifies, cannot be done by him that entangleth himself with secular business." Wherefore the secular power, the help of the sacerdotal, must not entangle in secular affairs those who are dedicated to the pastoral charge. Grosseteste then goes on to declare that he wishes to see both powers duly supported in their own sphere by those set apart for them, "that is, that spiritual matters should be in the hands of ecclesiastics and spiritual persons, and secular matters in those of lay people." "The royal dignity," he insists, "is therefore enhanced by the sacred rite of the unction, so that the anointed King more than others of his own condition ought in all his royal acts by virtue of this sevenfold gift of the Holy Spirit to excel in godlike qualities to an heroic degree. Nevertheless this prerogative of unction in no way raises the royal dignity above the sacerdotal or sets it on an equality with it. It conveys no power to discharge any sacerdotal function." And then the Bishop goes on to quote an apocryphal work, "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," a book of high authority in his eyes, which represents Juda the son of Jacob as comparing himself with his brother Levi and saying "To me the Lord gave the kingship and to Levi the priesthood, and He subordinated the kingship to the priesthood; to me He gave earthly things, to him heavenly things. As heaven is exalted above the earth, so the priesthood of God transcends the kingship of this world."

It is noteworthy that all this express limitation of the function of royalty is omitted in the extract made in the B.B.C. programme to which we are referring, though it can hardly have been unknown to the editor who selected the passage to glorify the spiritual significance of the anointing.

What we also happen to know about this letter of Grosseteste is that it made the King very angry, and the Bishop had to write again to appease him. In point of fact he withdrew nothing of what he had previously said, but suggested that he must have expressed himself clumsily and discourteously. The main ground of offence seems to have been the refusal to present Passelewe to the living, but in this Grosseteste stood firm.

Another point, in which one is glad to recognize a distinct mitigation of the dogmatic tone adopted some forty years ago, is that concerning the vestures assumed by the King when he has been anointed. Writing, after the coronation of George V, in a High Anglican publication, the "Dictionary of English Church History," Dr. F. E. Brightman, whose competence as a liturgist no one will dispute, remarks:

The regal vestments are said to be "sacerdotal," and in particular the "armil" is identified with the stole, the "pallium" with the cope. But there can be no doubt that the "armil" is the *loros* or *diadema* of the Byzantine emperors, and is ultimately a folded *toga*; while the "pallium" is no more like a cope than one cloak is necessarily like another; it is quadrangular, and is properly buckled on the right shoulder, not on the breast; it is the imperial purple, and ultimately the *paludamentum* of the Roman general in the field.

This frank statement of a high authority on the Anglican side has not been without its effect, though Garter King-of-Arms, in the million or two copies of the "Official Souvenir Programme" which have been distributed throughout the British Empire, unswervingly affirms that all these ornaments are sacerdotal. At the same time we may read the following in the Coronation issue of *The Times Weekly* (May 20th):

Thus consecrated and set apart for his high destiny, the King was now qualified to wear the robes and handle the emblems that represent the lost relics of St. Edward. First the Dean of Westminster arrayed him in two garments so closely suggestive of ecclesiastical vestments that *at one time*¹ they were cited as evidence that an anointed King partook of the priestly character. The first, the *Colobium Sindonis*, is a kind of sleeveless dalmatic, the supertunica, or close pall, is a gorgeous garment of cloth of gold like a bishop's tunicle.

Moreover, even Mr. Leopold Wickham Legg, who in 1902 described the *colobium sindonis* as an alb—or, as he prefers to spell it "albe"—and the armil as a stole, has notably modified his tone in an article contributed to *The Times* of May 11th in the present year. There the reader was told:

Rival theories are reflected in the interpretations put upon

¹ Italics ours.

the coronation robes. On the one hand, was not Henry VI "rayde lyke as a bysshopp shuld say masse with a dalmatyk and a stole about his necke, but not crossed, and sandalled. And also a hosyn and shone and copys and gloves like a bisshopp"? Even to-day the comparison is arresting. On the other hand is a theory, not less plausible, that the similarity is mere coincidence and springs from no set purpose. The *colobium sindonis* is not an alb, but a white garment put upon the King like the white coif and gloves, to protect the anointed places; the *supertunica* is no dalmatic but the tunic upon which the sword is girt; the *armilla* and *pallium*, neither stole nor cope, but belonging to one another (as the eagles indicate with which both are embroidered), are the *loron* and *chlamys* of the Byzantine emperors.

Mr. Leopold Wickham Legg goes on to say that in these "rival theories" we have a good illustration of "the dualism of the Middle Ages." It is, it seems to us, rather a question of the dualism of the lewd (in the medieval sense of the word) and the learned, a dualism which is not peculiar to any age. Scholars who had given some thought to the matter held one view; the casual onlooker, swayed by the impression of the moment or by some desire to court the royal favour, said something quite different. In any case the *colobium sindonis* and all this matter of ecclesiastical or regal vesture do not seem to be a subject in which even the clergy feel altogether at home. The B.B.C. Director of Religion, broadcasting from the Abbey during the service, pronounced the word *sindonis* with the accent on the middle syllable, a mistake from which his acquaintance with the Greek New Testament ought to have saved him. Unfortunately also his example has been followed by the gentleman who describes the ceremonial in the coronation film which is likely to be circulated all over England, America and our overseas dominions. The false quantity will no doubt become historic.

H.T.

TRYING TO DO WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

CHRISTIANS, as long as they remain rational, cannot permanently be satisfied with remaining in Schism: the words of Christ, insisting on unity of belief and practice and government, are too clear to be explained away, and the harmful consequences of disunion as seen in history are very obvious. Accordingly, earnest Christians are always making efforts to re-establish, not the unity of the Church, for that never was, and never can be, lost, but the unity of Christendom.¹ It is the constant prayer of the Church

¹ A sentence in a recent issue of *The Dublin Review*, which begins "when, in the sixteenth century, the unity of the Church was broken," shows how easily an oversight in this matter may result in heresy!

herself and of her faithful ministers : it should indeed be the constant desire and aim of all good Catholics. And it is the object of multitudinous conferences and congresses amongst non-Catholic Christians, of which the Report of one of the most recent—"The World Congress of Faiths," held in London last July, has lately appeared, together with a companion volume of commentary by its president and organizer, Sir Francis Younghusband. The Conference, convened by "The World Congress of Faiths," and comprising most of the religions of the world, Christian and non-Christian, had, of course, no Catholic representative. As we pointed out in these pages last August, the Catholic Church has no place in an assembly the members of which unite in only one point—the rejection of her mission and her claims. Moreover, the clear prohibition, contained in "*Mortalium Animos*," against Catholic attendance at such Congresses which repudiate the unique character of the Church, wisely prevents any active personal participation. As a matter of fact a single Catholic contribution to the object of the Congress, sent in *précis* by M. Louis Massignon, a professor of the Collège de France in Paris, and published in the Proceedings as "expanded" by a member of the Congress, misrepresented in some important respects the writer's views, and thus incidentally shows the danger for Catholics of even attempting to take part in such gatherings. If the Church were formally invited to justify her necessary exclusiveness before such an assembly, she might then well delegate a competent representative for that Apostolic witness—to proclaim, with assurance, as St. Paul did on the Areopagus, what his audience was blindly striving to reach. But this "Congress of Faiths" was not asking for instruction, only seeking for a greater measure of good will, based upon a closer understanding, between mutually-contradictory religious systems and philosophies.

The underlying presupposition inspiring these Congresses is that there has been no fixed and final revelation conveyed to man by the Incarnation of God and the establishment of His indefectible Church, but that all religions are so many endeavours, varying with time and race and even temperament and education, on the part of man to be "in tune with the Infinite," which his finite mind describes. This radically false conception was clearly manifest in an "International Parliament of Religions" held in Calcutta last March, upon which a Catholic Brahmin, Mr. P. J. R. Iyer, sends us some comments.

The Parliament was organized, he tells us, to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Ramakrishna, a Brahmin philosopher whose work was of sufficient prominence to merit the attention of Max Müller : to the latter we are indebted for "*The Life and Sayings of Ramakrishna*," published in 1886. The "Sayings" that most interest us here were that "all religions are true," and that "they are all different paths to the same God"—a direct denial,

as Mr. Iyer points out, of the Christian revelation committed by God Incarnate to His disciples, to be preached to the whole world till the end of time. This, although natural enough in a pagan, did not prevent the "Parliament" receiving messages of encouragement from the Secretary for India, and from the Governor of Bengal, from Romain Rolland (who himself has written a book in praise of Ramakrishna's universalism), and from Mahatma Gandhi, but whether there were any Christian sects represented amongst the delegates we are not told. However, Sir Francis Younghusband and Col. and Mrs. Lindberg were amongst the speakers.

To declare that Christianity is true (continues Mr. Iyer) but that all other religions are true also, is to make truth something changeable and relative, and to give the lie to natural reason itself. Ramakrishna, an Indian mystic, knew no better, and perhaps never had the chance of coming to true knowledge, but that those within reach of the light of the Gospel, should not "follow the gleam," but continue to grope in the outer darkness is only to be explained by a widespread disbelief in the Christian revelation. Without that faith, religion becomes merely an attempted explanation of the universe, whereas, of course, it is not a science discovered by human effort. It is the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience, and the knowledge of our duty towards Him. Man, a finite being, can never acquire a firm and detailed grasp of this knowledge by his own efforts: he needs the help of God's light and grace, the gift of Faith. And God, knowing man's incapacity yet willing "all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth," could never leave His beloved children wholly unaided in this quest. That He *has* so left them, whilst insisting on His creatures paying Him due homage and service, is the contention of Ramakrishna, and of those self-styled Christians who adopt his views. Mr. Iyer, who so ably diagnoses its essential futility, does not say what the result of the Calcutta "Parliament" was, but no doubt the members left thoroughly confirmed in their unbelief!

At the moment of writing "The World Fellowship of Faiths" is inaugurating "four months of meetings" here and abroad with the object of promoting, not religious unity, an ideal quite unattainable without submission to one accredited authority, but the more feasible end of fellowship and good will amongst the nations. However, the question of unity amongst Christians will be under discussion at the Edinburgh International Conference in August (mentioned earlier in this issue), which is being promoted by the Committee of the "Faith and Order Movement," started at Lausanne ten years ago. In accordance with the Pope's prohibition, no Catholic representative will be officially present at this Conference which assumes as a fact the heresy of a divided Church. But we understand that some Catholics will, with due authorization,

attend as visitors. We trust that they will take with them and disseminate amongst our separated brethren the report of the Cambridge Summer School of 1935—"Church and State"¹—which contains so excellent a statement of that Catholic view which alone is ignored at these Conferences, yet which alone could make them fruitful.

J.K.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1937.

IF a varied field of endeavour, a wide range of style, a high level of achievement generally and considerable life, vigour and originality go to make up a good exhibition, a good exhibition this is. That we range from old to new, from new back again to old, throughout the rooms, is perhaps symbolic of the English character which, if conservative in tendency and difficult to rouse, when roused shows all the courage of its opinions, whether in sticking to its old ways or plunging into new ones. The eye is apt to be misled by the garish—a prominent example being Sir John Lavery's "Sunbathers" (320)—but if it seeks will find much of a more controlled nature that quietly holds its own against the exuberance of its neighbour. Thus it is interesting to turn, in Gallery No. II, from the brilliant and seemingly effortless impressionism of Dame Laura Knight, the ease and bravura of whose gipsy girls (121) is carried still further in the background treatment, to little No. 120 smuggling on its left. The depth, luminosity and stillness of this tiny picture fling us across a gulf, as it were, back to the lowly vision of the Italian, Dutch and English masters who succeeded, not so much in expressing their own moods through nature, as in revealing the loveliness of nature to their fellow-men; Mr. Algernon Newton's six canvases—one of which, "River Scene" (510), is as impressive on a large scale as this one is on a small—each call for quiet study and reflection.

By what irony of circumstance a picture by a well-known Victorian painter, other charming examples of whose work were already familiar to the last generation, and may be seen, *e.g.*, in the Guildhall Art Gallery, has been posthumously honoured at this late hour, I do not know. At all events the nation may be congratulated on the acquisition, under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, of a very beautiful picture of Victorian life, No. 41, "The Ball on Shipboard," by J. J. Tissot—a purchase which has its humorous, but also its sad side! The painting is delicious in delicacy of tone and colour, well grouped and knit together by light and shade, has an atmospheric quality in excess of that usually found in work of this period, and is beautifully drawn in the manner of the day. It is to me one of the most attractive pic-

¹ Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Price, 7s. 6d.

tures in the show, even though rivalled by Meredith Frampton's "Game of Patience" (170), with its baffling mingling of twentieth-century vision and nineteenth-century method which every year increasingly impresses upon one not only visible charm but the deep sincerity of an artist who unswervingly pursues his aim, looking neither to right nor to left but always straight ahead towards the goal dictated by his own nature and artistic perception.

Brockhurst also has worked in a straight line and also, like Frampton, with high finish as an ideal, but in a very different key and style, as we see by comparing his portrait of a lady—the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid—(174), with Frampton's only exhibit. Brockhurst shows six typical canvases, in all of which we cannot but marvel at the immense concentration and labour involved and at an end that, when such heights are reached as in his "Ophelia" (309), justifies the means. Whether they will or not, his sitters are turned into subjects for his brush; if Merle Oberon (268) proved a natural one, this was more the case, we may judge, with the original of "Ophelia." This picture seems to me his masterpiece so far. Such magnificence of technique leaves one almost breathless (Renoir would have appreciated the flesh painting), and how happy an effect he has here produced, through the use of more atmosphere than is his wont, to envelop the figure and deepen its aspect, so that everything enhances the miraculous solidity and vitality of the head in its contrast with background and dress.

Though it is a step down to the other portraiture in the show, yet in a way one leaves, not without a certain sense of relief, the tensiety of such heights, for the less buoyant art of S. C. Seymour Lucas, son of the late Royal Academician, whose friend's widow, Mrs. Ernest Crofts (455), he here presents on a canvas of generous scale. That this honest and sympathetic portrait is obviously inspired by Whistler's work does not detract from its merits, except, I feel, where the background is concerned; the framed paintings hung there thrust themselves just too obviously into the observer's consciousness. Ethel Walker's "The Necklace" (379), and "Margaret Ware" (384), belong to the category of that quiet art whose quality must be sought for, whereas portraits that call more insistently for attention are Nos. 361—Mrs. William T. Wetmore—and 389—Mr. Beverley Bogert—by Simon Elwes, the clever self-portrait, No. 506, by James Gunn, and T. C. Dugdale's six works, of which I confess to a preference for the smallest and last, No. 512—"At the Jolly Sailor"—a very natural-looking genre painting of an inn-keeper with two lively dogs. R. G. Eves's six portraits, including the fine presentment of Max Beerbohm (409), are quiet in hue, yet vital.

Philip Connard's "Aphrodite Anadyomene" (56) is a typical example of his work: realism and fancy delicately and delightfully

blended with a touch and grace which Boucher might well have envied; and how lovely a piece of painting is his "Swan" (273). Into this same sphere of realism seen with an imaginative eye come two small and far less ambitious pictures by a budding artist, whose canvases should not be overlooked: they are Nos. 253—"Against the Frost" and 257—"Clearing the River," by Mildred E. Eldridge. And Mrs. Delissa Joseph's "Roofs, High Holborn" (398), if slightly "jumpy," has something of the compelling power of a Van Gogh.

Clever and expressive as undoubtedly they are, both Keith Henderson's "The Good Work" (424) and Dame Laura Knight's large "London Palladium" (235) seem, for the sake of robustness and reality, to have sacrificed the charm which James Cowie's "Two Schoolgirls" (366) manages to retain. Charles Cundall's "Chelsea v. Arsenal" (260) attracts the eye by the fine swing of its composition and the skilful way in which the subject is centred, and Madeline Green's "The Couple" (184) by the originality and charm of subject and execution.

Besides two lovely little genre portraits—"Amelia" (15) and "The Red Necklace" (23)—in Gallery No. I, there are also, in the same room, two landscape paintings by Sir W. W. Russell. One of these, "Cley from Wiverton" (35), depicts the English countryside in a way that should make us direct our eyes in constant gratitude to the beauties of a land and atmosphere that lend themselves so naturally to artistic interpretation. This landscape shares with many of the water-colour and black-and-white works that quality of friendliness and intimacy which more than any other spells for us England. Such works go so conclusively to prove that, whether we look back across time or around us at the achievement of our own day, the English art which best stands the test of time and of affection is the art that, like Dickens's in his novels, Constable's in his landscapes, and Rupert Brooke's in his poems, seeks and finds its main inspiration in the character and beauties of its own people and land.

In the well-arranged sculpture gallery my eye was chiefly drawn to Barney Seale's head of Augustus John (1515), to Richard Garbe's statuette-group (1500) with the ivory-like quality in the modelling of the beautiful hands, to the very satisfactory carving in polished wood by William Simmonds of an "Old Horse" (1535), but especially to the fine bronze bust of the Lord Abbot of Buckfast, by Elkan, a capital likeness, representing its subject, the hero of a remarkable achievement, the rebuilding of a great Abbey from its very foundations, smiling gently yet triumphantly.

J. JOSHUA.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: May 15, 1937. **Anti-War Strike is Anti-Peace Movement**, by J. A. Donovan. [A detailed exposition of Communist exploitation of non-Catholic American studenthood.]
- BLACKFRIARS: May, 1937. **Mauriac's "Life of Jesus,"** by Richard Kehoe, O.P. [A courteous but very drastic examination, based on sound theology, of what is in sum a harmful book.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: May 21, 1937. **"Vatican's Entire Independence."** [An Interview with the Papal Envoy on the position of the Vatican in Fascist Italy.]
- CATHOLIC MEDICAL QUARTERLY: April, 1937. **The Apostolate of Healing**, by Father James, O.M.Cap. [A paper showing how directly and fruitfully the medical profession can share in Catholic Action.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: May 21, 1937. **The Law and the Schools in Russia.** [One of a series of important investigations exposing the continued war against God in that country.]
- COMMONWEAL: May 14, 1937. **A Third Labor Encyclical**, by Mgr. J. A. Ryan. [Shows how the Anti-Communist Encyclical supplements in part the other Papal social pronouncements.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: May, 1937. **Anglican "Continuity" and Anglican Orders**, by Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R. [A useful resumé of the exercise of Papal Jurisdiction in pre-Reformation England and an explanation of the irrevocability of the Papal condemnation of Anglican Orders.]
- ETUDES: May 20, 1937. **Le "Trotzkysme" en France et en Espagne**, by J. de Saint-Chamant. [A well-documented account of the Trotsky-Stalin division amongst foreign Communists.]
- IRISH ROSARY: May, 1937. **Modern Fallacies on Freedom and Morality.** [Editorial showing the folly of rejecting Christian philosophy.]
- NOUVELLE REVUE THÉOLOGIQUE: May, 1937. **Au seuil d'un Kulturkampf**, by Pierre Delattre, S.J. [A contrast between the forbearance and moderation of the Papacy, and the deliberate and dishonourable violation of the Concordat by Germany.]
- SIGN: May, 1937. **A Corporative State in Action**, by Michael Kenny, S.J. [A lucid account of Oliveira Salazar's great achievement whereby Portugal has combined the advantages of Democracy and Fascism without their drawbacks.]
- TABLET: May 22, 1937. **The Yugo-Slav Concordat**, by William Teeling. [An exposure of the Bishop of Gloucester's ill-advised and misinformed attack on this domestic arrangement between a foreign Government and Rome.]

REVIEWS

I—MODERN SPIRITUALITY¹

IT is the continual complaint of spiritual writers and directors that there is all too little devotion to the Holy Ghost. And yet one can scarcely think of a devotional habit more conducive to advance in interior life and awareness than that which is centred in the Third Person of the Trinity, the Spirit of Truth and Holiness within the individual soul as within the Church of God. We have, it is true, the works of Cardinal Manning and Father Meschler. But we are grateful for others. That of Father Leen merits high commendation. His purpose is "to popularize the wonders of Catholic theology" and to give "the ordinary reader a working knowledge of the divine life imparted by the Holy Ghost to the souls of the just." I fancy that the "ordinary" reader may well feel that the book is a trifle above his "ordinary" head. But in itself it is admirable and is written with a certain fluency which nowadays one has the right to demand even of a spiritual publication. It is a popular treatise on the theology of the Holy Spirit, shows the position which He occupies as the Subsistent Love of God and the bond of love between the Creator and His creatures. Through an analysis of the liturgical names—*Altissimi donum Dei, Dulcis hospes animae, Digitus paternae dexteræ*—the author tries to develop the distinctive marks of the Holy Spirit's action in the soul. The Incarnation is fully treated and the special office of the Spirit in its regard is abundantly explained. The book deserves a wide public; it has a sound background of theology and is enlivened with an ardent spirit of worship.

A second work on the same subject is a translation of Mgr. Landrieux's short volume: in its English form it is entitled *The Forgotten Paraclete*. Theologically it is sound enough and deals with the work of the Spirit in the Trinity and the Church and examines the seven gifts. Curiously enough, its Imprimatur is dated 1924 and yet it does not appear as a re-issue. The style is

¹ (1) *The Holy Ghost*. By Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. viii, 342. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (2) *The Forgotten Paraclete*. From the French of Mgr. Landrieux. Translated by E. Leahy. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 148. Price, 3s. 6d. n. (3) *What Jesus Saw from the Cross*. By A. D. Sertillanges, O.P. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. vii, 232. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (4) "Greater Love." By Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M. London: Coldwell. Pp. 125. Price, 5s. n. (5) *Think and Pray*. By Father Joseph McSorley. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 242. Price, 5s. n. (6) *Is it all true?* By Father Aloysius Roche. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 184. Price, 5s. n. (7) *The Space of Life Between*. By Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 194. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

unfortunately dry and unattractive and bears too much evidence of a literal translation. A merely literal rendering will not give the spirit of the original and it is time that our Catholic publishers realized this obvious fact. Otherwise such books are read out of a sense of duty by the very good and ignored by everyone else. There are too many pious exclamations and apostrophes. To quote but one example, the last paragraph of but twenty-seven lines has six sentences which begin with the feeble "Let us" or "Let us not."

The distinguished Dominican, Father Sertillanges, has had the novel idea of surveying many of the familiar places in the Holy Land from the point of view of Our Lord upon the Cross. As one who knows the country he maintains that it is still possible to survey from the former site of Calvary the whole panorama which must have then been presented to Our Lord's eyes. It is not possible to trace out the Way of the Cross but the remainder of the sacred site is known to us. Taking each place in turn, Sion, the Temple, the Cenacle, the Mount of Olives, for example, he recalls by way of reflective musing, the incidents connected with them. The thoughts he evokes are presented as those of Our Saviour during those last three hours. The book is a work of imagination, almost of the "pathetic fallacy," but will serve as an aid for devotion; it is rich with knowledge of the Scriptures and the sense of personal following of Christ.

Father Elbert's "*Greater Love*" contains a series of nine sermons, seven of which are dedicated to the traditional words upon the Cross. They are straightforward and eloquent. The price of the book is too high for its format and production.

Father McSorley's book of prayers deserves friendly comment. It was first prepared, he tells us, for use during retreats. The prayers were read aloud from the back of the chapel after Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; and the reading was punctuated by several short and a few long pauses that those present might meditate. The prayers are given in the form of short phrases which are simple and very apt. They might almost be "vers libre"; they are *libre* indeed without meaning to be verse, although they have something of the effect of verse. The book might be an excellent aid for those who would like to meditate but are uncertain how to begin.

Father Roche's work is an exercise in doctrinal exposition. It consists of a number of short chapters of apologetical purport with reference to modern controversies. The author regards it as a short sketch which may pave the way for a fuller apologetic for the laity. The writing is vigorous and decided; many of the most vital problems are considered. He writes for Catholics, and many of his arguments will be of service to them in their discussions. I cannot, however, feel that his treatment of the proofs for the

existence of God is satisfactory. The average non-Catholic undergraduate would remain very unconvinced.

Lastly, a short notice may welcome a reprint of Father Bede Jarrett's fresh and encouraging meditations for young men. The title is excellent. Between the period of boyhood and that of mature man there is a time which has its special problems and it is with these and those who are troubled by them that Father Bede Jarrett is concerned. His simple and cheering thoughts have been read by many and will be of value to many more. Short and significant sentences deal with subjects as widely apart as the Presence of God and Friendship, Marriage and Love.

J.M.

2—THE MASS¹

"IT is the Mass that matters," not only in the outward conflicts of God's Church with atheistic Communism and with pseudo-Christianity in its various forms, but also in the inward life of the individual Catholic. The day when such a one vividly recognizes the truth that assistance at the Holy Sacrifice is a wonderful privilege, to be eagerly sought after and to be reverently enjoyed whenever possible, instead of being a duty grudgingly complied with under pain of sin, on that day his whole spiritual existence experiences a profound change: he becomes a son rather than a servant, and love in the place of fear forms the mainspring of his life. According to the importance, then, of this centre of Christian worship, which puts into the hands of the creature a means of paying adequate homage to his Maker and of satisfying to the full for his sins and transgressions, is the literature which has grown up and is growing up around it in every tongue, of which the three volumes mentioned below are excellent specimens. Dr. Parsch's exhaustive volume, translated presumably from the German by the Rev. Frederic C. Eckhoff, deals with the Mass historically as it developed from the beginning in time and in space, i.e., according as different devotional accessories were added to give fuller expression and embellishment to the unchanging central rite established at the Last Supper, and according as language and culture and indeed racial temperament introduced modifications of those accessories. The study, which takes each portion of the liturgical service of to-day in the Latin rite and conducts us through its genesis and growth at Rome and in the Eastern Church, is a wonderful exhibition of historical research, which has

¹ (1) *The Liturgy of the Mass*. By Dr. Pius Parsch. Translated by the Rev. F. C. Eckhoff. London: B. Herder Book Co. Pp. x, 358. Price, 14s. (2) *The Mass: a Study of the Roman Liturgy*. By Adrian Fortescue, D.D., and Father Thurston, S.J. London: Longmans. Pp. xxxii, 453. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (3) *The Holy Sacrifice*. By Abbot F. Cabrol, O.S.B. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. vii, 88. Price, 2s. 6d.

not yet reached finality, for the learned writer instances many points, in the explanation of which scholars differ. However, no one can follow this exposition of the Mass-service without realizing how constantly the Spirit of God has guided its development, so that its essential unity remains as conspicuous as its variety. One small criticism concerns the natural zeal of the liturgiologist who loves his subject. The Doctor seems to consider all changes which lessen the length and therefore the expressiveness of the service as drawbacks in every sense. It is surely possible to consider that the bringing of the Mass into a comparatively short compass of time is a legitimate development, since it multiplies the possibilities of offering and hearing it. The evolution of the Mass liturgy has been guided throughout by Providence, and it would be rash to say that it has not always progressed according to the Divine Will to meet the changing circumstances of the world.

Father Adrian Fortescue's well-known work on the Roman Liturgy made its first appearance in 1912 in the "Westminster Library" and reached a second edition in 1913, besides being reproduced in French in 1921, but now it has been republished in Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.'s "Second Spring Series," which puts so many valuable Catholic works within our reach at a lower cost. Its scope is wider than its title suggests for it deals with the earliest Eucharistic rite before it was differentiated into East and West and considers in general all its subsequent variations. As said above, more and more information about the Mass before our time is constantly coming to light and it has been the task of Father Thurston to take account of these researches and also to vindicate Dr. Fortescue against the sometimes ill-informed criticisms of Continental scholars. This he has done in a long and critical "Foreword," which tells the readers precisely where the text cannot now be relied on, and the effect of subsequent investigations. To Dr. Fortescue's lengthy bibliography the editor has added several pages containing the titles of more recent works, so that the student may have further expert guidance. In its new form we trust that this treatise will take a new lease of life and add its powerful aid to the spread of the liturgical movement of our time.

Amongst the studies of the Eucharistic Liturgy mentioned in Father Thurston's list is "The Mass of the Western Rites," published in an English edition in 1934, by the Abbot F. Cabrol, so well known amongst us by his popular edition of "The Missal" for layfolk. The book called *The Holy Sacrifice*, now under review, is an elementary treatise which the Abbot has written for the benefit of all Catholics, in order that they may worship intelligently and, moreover, be able to explain their form of worship to those less well instructed. It should prove an admirable handbook for that course of teaching on the Mass which forms part of the

religious doctrine curriculum in many schools. The whole of the Roman Mass-service is set forth in Latin and English with explanatory Notes, to begin with; then follow an examination of the sources of the Rite in Scripture and Tradition, an historical and doctrinal discussion of its various sections in order, an account of Masses for different occasions, and, finally, instructions concerning the use of the Missal. We venture to think that the Abbot who has written so much on liturgical subjects has published nothing which will be so widely appreciated as this little volume.

J.K.

"THE MONTH" AND THE MISSION FIELD

IMPORTANT NOTICE. In future, will every reader who sends the MONTH to a missionary kindly address it to "*the Priest in charge*" of the mission to which he belongs, instead of to the missionary by name? There are not infrequently changes in *personnel*, which, unless this plan is adopted, will mean a great deal of unnecessary office-work. If priests whose missions are changed, would let the Hon. Secretary know directly, new benefactors, when possible, will be allotted to them in their new sphere of work.

CORONATION STAMPS. Will all missionaries and readers in the Colonies make a special effort to collect for us all possible used "Coronation" stamps? We want all we can get of every value.

We regret to have to announce that at the moment the missionary demand for MONTHS so far exceeds the supply that until further notice no more missionaries should apply.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals*. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once. (Subscription from U.S.A., \$3.50.)

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

IT seems probable that the recent Pontifical Constitution on theological studies will in time be responsible for as many doctoral dissertations as German universities have been in the past. May the study on *S. Prosperi Aquitani doctrina de Prædestinatione, etc.*, by Father Pelland, S.J., of Montreal (Coll. Immac. Concept. : \$1.50), be a harbinger of many more such worth-while works. Prosper is of great importance in the Predestination debate, because he defended the ideas of St. Augustine against their earliest critics, and himself evoked from the master some of his last writings on the controversy. Father Pelland shows that, after the death of Augustine, Prosper did not strike out on a line of his own but continued to expound the Saint, giving greater coherence to his views, inasmuch as his defence is mainly concerned with answering objections, whereas Augustine was more discursive. Some have seen in these attempts at clarification a change in Augustine's teaching, but Father Pelland, though he does not accept all his interpretations, is convinced that through Prosper one may enter directly into the real mind of Augustine.

It is natural perhaps that the ordinary layman should tend to give less thought to the central mystery of our Faith, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, than to other mysteries such as that of the Incarnation or of the Blessed Sacrament, since the mystery of the Blessed Trinity appears to be not only the profoundest and most "difficult" of the mysteries but also, at first sight, the most remote from the life of man. Yet we know that the Blessed Trinity dwells in a special manner in the soul of everyone who is in a state of grace, and it is the direct vision of the Adorable and Triune God which constitutes the joy of the blessed in heaven. Thus the mystery of the Holy Trinity, though of unfathomable profundity, is certainly not unconnected with the life of man in its practical and devotional aspect. We must then accord the warmest welcome to Dr. J. P. Arendzen's book on the Blessed Trinity—*The Holy Trinity, a Theological Treatise for Modern Laymen* (Sheed & Ward : 5s.). Its purpose is admirably summarized in its subtitle : it is a theological treatise and it is for modern laymen. As a theological treatise it is designed to give solid dogma and not merely pious considerations (though dogma is indeed the best and only adequate foundation for a true piety); and as a book for lay-folk it treats a very difficult subject in a clear and readable manner, though in order to gain real profit from what is said, thought will be required. Yet the author, while he stimulates thinking, does not overburden the uninitiated reader with unaccustomed phrase-

ology and unnecessary minutiae. Moreover, as a book for layfolk of to-day, the work discusses briefly several modern questions, such as the accusation that the Blessed Trinity is merely a Christian edition of the Hindu Trimurti or the attempt in certain quarters to interpret the Christian dogma in an Hegelian and unorthodox sense. We are grateful to Dr. Arendzen for this admirable little book and hope that it will be widely read by all laymen who are conscious of their duty to take an intelligent and devout interest in the truths revealed by God for our salvation.

In our self-conscious times, when men are becoming increasingly aware of the "impenetrability of the individual," one is grateful for *The Mystery of the Church* (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d.), a book by Father Humbert Clérissac, O.P., which emphasizes the social character of the Mystical Body of Christ. The statement (Introduction, p. xxx) that "if the supernatural is eliminated from exegesis, the writings of St. Paul are those of a lunatic" encourages the reader to hope that he shall have his dogma tempered by a critical approach, and warns him not to expect too much. The "mystery" is stated to lie in "the equation and convertibility of these two terms: Christ and the Church." Avoiding the extremes either of reducing the personality of the Church to a metaphor or asserting it as a literal fact, Father Clérissac maintains that "if the personality of the Church is an image, it is more than a metaphor. In precision, consistency, extent and richness the notion goes far beyond the notion of moral personality. . . This personality is absolutely new, and the Church is its sole realization." After this judicious statement, the author elaborates his view of this transcendent personality, showing how the Church maintains continuity with her past and preserves inviolate her memories, her principles and her certitude. But to invoke the "objectivity of reason" is not sufficient; the same principles may be the basis of community and continuity, but do not necessarily imply identity of life; different persons, after all, may think the "same" thoughts. Father Clérissac strikes at the heart of the problem when he points out that all Christians, when they are "born again, of water and the Holy Ghost," at Baptism, are endowed with one and the same personality, the personality of Christ, which is also the personality of the Church. And this personality is transcendent: "She alone possesses and teaches the true notion of personality and therefore reveals to us our real aspirations and our most personal needs." Thus is explained the weakness of modern non-Catholic society, cut off from the supernatural, that life which, though it transcends man, he can still make his own. The "After-Christian" must needs be rootless. A few blemishes in the printing of Latin quotations and in translation do not detract from the interest and value of a book which deserves to be widely read.

Perhaps the most important lesson that anyone, who wishes to

lead a spiritual life, has to learn, is that of the dependence of the creature on the Creator and of the consequent need of complete trust in Divine Providence. This is the lesson which Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., sets out to teach in *Providence*, which has been translated by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B. (Herder: 12s.). To start such a subject by proving at some length the existence of God and the Divine Attributes, might appear at first sight to be overloading the ship; but it is clear on reflection that, in order to realize fully the doctrine of Divine Providence, one must first grasp the truth that God is Creator and Conserver, the infinitely wise and powerful primary Cause of all action. He is not the God of the Deist, remote and unconcerned with the world and human affairs, but the God who keeps all things in existence, who has ordained all things to an end, and who is responsible for the new being that is implied in every human act, though not for the perversity involved in sin. Once granted the dependence of the human soul on God, both in the natural and supernatural orders, it follows that the only reasonable attitude for a Christian to adopt is one of complete and trustful abandonment to the Providence of God. This attitude, as Father Garrigou-Lagrange points out, does not dispense the soul from active fidelity to daily duties, for these daily duties themselves enter into the scheme of Providence. Solidly founded on truths of philosophy and revelation there is much in this book to help those who desire to make progress in the spiritual life.

MORAL.

The good qualities displayed in Father Ignatius Cox's first volume on *Liberty: its Use and Abuse* (Fordham University: \$2.50) which dealt with general ethics, are still more prominent in the second volume, which concerns applied ethics. It treats of the application of general ethical principles to reality—not an out-of-the-world reality—but to everyday life, as every Catholic has to face it. As was to be expected, a large space has been devoted to questions of modern economic life, including its moral background of materialism with its most conspicuous manifestations in Communism and Capitalism. It may be regretted that erroneous doctrines which absolutize higher values, such as exaggerated nationalism and other forms of cultural Bolshevism are hardly mentioned. This may be due to the fact that they are less topical in the U.S.A. The work is noteworthy for the clarity with which even difficult problems are treated, and especially for its lists of topics for discussion which greatly help to make ideas definite. There can be no doubt that anyone who is interested in social questions should turn to a systematic treatment like this, rather than be satisfied with general ideas which might be obtained by reading more "popular" literature on the subject. Father Cox

has not gone beyond his own country, if we except some works in Latin, for his bibliography.

BIBLICAL.

An interesting study of prophecy has recently been published by the Polish Academy of Sciences (*Die Prophetie*, by Abraham Heschel: Pp. vi, 195). The author, although himself not a Catholic, writes much on the subject that is consonant with Catholic views and should have a good influence, though we suspect that his German will be found none too easy to follow even by those who use that language as their mother tongue. He sets out to define the essential nature of the prophetic experience, without examining the question of its validity, and limits his investigation to the pre-exilic prophets whose writings we still possess. At the outset he argues strongly against ecstasy as an element in prophecy, and in the main we sympathize with him, but that is not the whole truth of the matter, and we doubt whether any study of the prophetic experience can be adequate that is not based upon a consideration of the phenomena of Christian mysticism. Instead of this, he lays stress towards the end of his treatise upon the sympathy of the prophets with *die göttliche Pathetik* (p. 180), a sympathy of which the prophets themselves, as he admits (p. 170), have little to say. This divine *Pathos* is not a mere affair of sentiment, but of will and permanent attitude; in describing it our author seems at times to be speaking as anthropomorphically as the prophets themselves, but, like them, he safeguards in various ways the divine attributes, and recognizes the insistent claim of the prophet to interpret aright the divine reactions (if we may use such a term) to the conduct of men.

Father Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, is an approved veteran in New Testament studies, having already done much to explain the Douay version in a manner comprehensible to all. He has now edited the *Catholic Epistles* (B.O. & W.: 5s.), a part of the New Testament too little known to many Catholics. We are glad to see that in his simple and straightforward explanations he has been much helped by the Westminster Version. He glides easily over difficulties, so easily indeed, that sometimes (as in the case of the perplexing Epistle of Jude) he can hardly be said to touch them at all. The reader will not fail to gather, however, that the genuineness of the passage about the "Heavenly Witnesses" (1 John v, 7—8) is doubtful. The volume is well got up, but in the commentary the chapter and verse under consideration should have been indicated more clearly.

We welcome a new item in the series of translations of foreign works published by Sands & Co. Professor Vaganay's *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament* (3s. 6d. net) seems to us an excellent little book, and it loses nothing in

Dr. Miller's translation. It is obviously the work of one who has studied the whole subject carefully, and he has compressed all the essential facts into a small space, without any loss to clearness. Nor is he afraid upon occasion to express his own opinions clearly, as in his criticisms of the late Abbot Quentin's textual methods (pp. 72—75), with which we agree. It was a good idea to add "some examples for beginners" of textual problems at the end, perhaps all the better examples because the author may not always be correct. We regret the absence of an index, but, apart from this, the book is an ideal manual for seminaries.

Het Luiksche Diatesseron, by Geertruida Catharina Van Kersbergen (Nymegen, 1936, pp. 158), is a Ph.D. thesis, presented at the Nymegen University in July, 1936, and consists of a translation into modern Dutch of the so-called "Liège Diatesseron"—a life of Our Lord embodying the four Gospel narratives—preceded by a long and learned philological introduction. Thanks to a very thorough analysis of the Middle-Medieval text, extending over many pages and illustrated by many maps, the author is able to trace its origin to the South-East of the province of Limburg in the present Belgium, whilst admitting slight retouches by a later Flemish or Brabant copyist. This solid piece of work bears witness to the profound and genuine philological scholarship of its author, and establishes Dr. Van Kersbergen, known in our midst as the able head of that flourishing organization "The Grail," as a worthy member also of a smaller group, the band of Dutch and Flemish Catholic scholars who are devoting their talents to the republishing of the very rich devotional literature of the Medieval Netherlands.

DOCTRINAL.

Though many volumes have been written to help in teaching the Commandments of God, most of them useful and practical, still occasionally there comes to us one which seems to us outstanding. Such a volume is **The Commandments in Sermons**, by the Rev. Clement Crock (Herder: 12s.). In the first place, it is obvious from the beginning that the sermons here given are the result of long experience, and of many repetitions; they have been hammered and chastened till little remains but the pure word. Again, with a view to their practical use, they are carefully subdivided, with headings to the separate sections printed in a type which immediately catches the eye. Thirdly, they are "up to date"; that is, they deal with the problems which have been brought specially before the civilized world in the last few years. This is specially the case with the modern challenges of the fifth and sixth commandments. The author knows the value of short, vivid illustrations, but his special excellence lies in the clearness of his exposition. A good index at the end, as well as a long table of contents at the beginning, makes reference easy.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Philosophical idealism with its attempts at purely abstract deduction and its consequent failure ever to arrive at or account for the world of objective experience, may be said to be now discredited. The absurd consequences to which it leads and its ultimate failure, its wistful striving to join subject and object in one unity, coupled with its proved inability to effect its aim, show clearly enough that the system contains inherent and inseparable weaknesses and fallacies. Yet it may well be that there is a better way of refuting idealism—as regards the idealist philosophers themselves at any rate—than by pointing out the absurd consequences derived therefrom. This better way consists in demonstrating the original mistake of idealism, its false *point de départ*, which occasioned all the mischief. This Professor Jolivet has endeavoured to do in his book on the *Sources of Idealism*. (*Les Sources de l'Idealisme*, Desclée de Brouwer, 15.00 fr.) His thesis is that idealism has its roots, not so much in a faulty epistemology, as in a faulty ontology. Idealism, he contends, has its *point de départ* in nominalism; and the passage to idealism as a doctrine proceeds by way of phenomenalism. This thesis is ably maintained, and, we believe, established by an historical treatment of the concrete development of idealism. The author shows how modern idealism has its roots in the nominalism of Occam, and still more obviously in the nominalism and consequent phenomenalism of a thinker like Nicholas D'Autrecourt. He lays bare the empiricist and nominalistic presuppositions in the thought of Locke, Hume and Berkeley, of Descartes, in that of the Hegelian school down to Giovanni Gentile, in the idealism of Lachelier and in the phenomenology of Husserl. It follows that the antidote to idealism is to be sought, not in a leap into the exaggerations of materialism and naturalism, but by a return to the Thomistic metaphysic which, with its doctrine of substance rightly understood—and not according to the caricature of the empiricists—and with its doctrine of the immanence of the intelligible in the phenomenal and singular, alone obviates the otherwise unbridgeable gulf between subject and object (which object is no longer split into the irrational multiplicity of the phenomenalist), and renders possible a coherent and unified vision of the world, in which due allowance is made for all the component factors.

Dr. J. J. Colligan, S.J., yielding no doubt to the persuasions of his students, has "canned" his Cosmology lectures in the form of a volume called *Cosmology* (Fordham Univ. Press). And if philosophy has to be canned, it could scarcely be put up in a more presentable container than this brief volume. Print and paper, page-form, type-variations, all are wholly admirable. Generations of trepidant candidates, hungering for knowledge in nutshells, will greatly prize it and bless its author. Most professors, however,

whatever they themselves may have felt as imminent examinees, regard ready-made potted theses with deep suspicion. Canned goods, they are convinced, lack vitamins. As with natural bodies, so it is with philosophical treatises, they require a certain minimum quantity to subsist in their proper species. And certainly, Dr. Colligan's account of the "Essence of Quantity" conveys no hint of the doctrine of St. Thomas. The alleged general agreement that "local extension" is a secondary and suppressible effect finds nothing to confirm it in the *Summa*. Such are the perils of over-condensation.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

On opening the book called *Modesty*, by J. de la Vaissière, S.J. (Herder: 6s.), one discovers a sub-title, "A Psychological Study of Its Character," which gives a truer indication of its contents than the woodcut of St. Agnes on the dust-cover would suggest. It is, in fact, a scholarly psychological work on sex-modesty, "limited to the field of sensation and sense," with a definite bearing on and application to pedagogy. Father de la Vaissière proposes the following definition: "Modesty is a sensitive principle of almost instinctive fear, which usually centres round the sexual processes." He then sets out to demonstrate that this sexual modesty is a universal instinct of man, innate in his very nature and found in the naked uncivilized South American tribes, just as truly as in the civilized peoples of Europe. Though the sections on the nature and individuation of this instinct are stiff reading for the novice in modern psychology, I think there is no doubt that the writer establishes his point. Modesty, as defined, is an innate impression which "acts as a brake or bridle on an instinct that has as its goal the propagation of the human species. There can be no doubt that the action of this brake or bridle is purposeful, because it is not an acquired but a natural piece of mechanism and nature never runs counter to her own laws" (p. 66). The second and shorter part of the book deals with the means of fostering instinctive modesty. The translation by Rev. S. A. Raemers, Ph.D., is well done.

HOMILETIC.

The common cry, already becoming fainter, that Christ and Christianity are out of date, has given rise to many volumes in many countries, proclaiming Christ's affinity to what is called the modern man. Such a volume, from Hungary, is *The Great Teacher: A Course of Sermons on Christ the Divine Teacher*, by the Very Rev. Tihamer Toth, Professor of the University of Budapest, translated by V. G. Agotai, and edited by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. (Herder: 8s. 6d.). The volume contains twenty-five sermons. The preacher begins with the personality of Christ, proceeds to give the evidence, scriptural and

historical, that Christ is God, then expounds the substance of His Revelation, especially as it concerns the life of man on earth. Hence he considers what Christ has actually taught concerning Work and Wealth, the two problems most occupying the mind of the modern man. The two last sermons—"A World without Christ" and "Has Christianity failed?" bring home the preacher's lesson to every day. The sermons are wonderfully brightened by many anecdotes and historical episodes, which give the book a quite exceptional interest and attraction.

DEVOTIONAL.

A way of perfection explored by many holy people is beautifully illustrated in **My Ideal, Jesus, Son of Mary** (Coldwell: 5s. 6d.), written by Father E. Neubert, S.T.D., a Marist Father, who has drawn his inspiration from the writings of the Ven. W. J. Chamanade, founder of his congregation. It is simply to try to reproduce in ourselves Our Lord's personal love and service of His Mother. The treatise, like the "Imitation," is arranged in monologue form.

In **The Madonna: according to the Teaching of S. Thérèse of Lisieux** (Ouseley: 3s. 6d.) Father Benedict Williamson continues his exposition of the theological teaching of one who taught rather by the practice of heroic virtue than by her writings. Thus the first three chapters deal largely with the life of St. Thérèse herself; her cure by Our Lady is described in the Saint's own words, and we learn the simplicity and fervour of her devotion to her Heavenly Mother, in the various "mysteries" of the Gospel record, fitly ending with her clear vision of the Virgin-Mother, standing as our Advocate before God. In the last chapter the Saint's example shows us how real and practical our worship should be, inspiring us to imitate in our own measure her virtues, particularly her humility and her fortitude as most needed in the world of to-day.

HISTORICAL.

The successive volumes of the Annual Franciscan Educational Conference of America are always full of interest, but this, the eighteenth, seems to us to surpass all the others. Its subject is **Franciscan History of North America** (Capuchin College, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.), and it is a mass both of learning and edification, from beginning to end. Successive authors have taken for special study different parts of North America—New Spain, the Southwest, the Southeast, French and British North America, Canada, Lower Louisiana—and have shown, that the sons of St. Francis were pioneers everywhere, and that they were the first to shed their blood, in almost every mission, for the Faith. The authors of the various papers repeat that they have done no more than break the ground for historians who must come after them; we can only say that they have broken the ground well, for there

is not a page in the volume which is not full of interest. Most of all will readers, in Europe as well as in America, read with awe and reverence the paper which tells of the 115 Franciscans who have lost their lives in the service of their Master, including three who have recently been put to death in Mexico. This is a volume which should find a place on the shelves of every student of Church history.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Hitherto only some 250 of the letters of Cardinal de Bérulle out of the 750 existing have been published. The desirability of publishing them all was expressed by Houssaye in his study of Bérulle as long ago as 1872, but until 1931, when M. Jean Dagens, professor at the Catholic University of Nijmegen, undertook the task, the matter hung fire. We have now received the first of the three volumes to be devoted to it, a work which will help greatly to a right understanding of Bérullian spirituality and the religious history of the seventeenth century in France, entitled **Correspondance du Cardinal de Bérulle, Tome I, 1599—1618** (Bibliothèque de *La Revue d'Histoire Ecclesiastique*, Louvain). We cannot of course give a detailed analysis of the 193 letters here published but can only point out some of the major affairs in which Bérulle was concerned during these years. In the first period he was actively interested in the recall of the Jesuits to France, a service which was duly recognized by their General, Father Claudius Aquaviva. Then, after many negotiations and a journey to Spain, he finally secured the establishment of the Discalced Carmelites in France. Finally, from 1609—1618 we can trace the origin of a project for a Congregation of Secular Clergy, its growth and development as an "Oratoire de Jésus," the difficulties he met with in getting his congregation recognized at Rome, and the founding of Houses of the Oratory in various parts of France. A masterly biographical essay on his life and work prefaces this volume.

A new life of **Mother Margaret Mostyn, Discalced Carmelite, 1625—1679**, by Sister Anne Hardman, S.N.D. (B.O. & W.: 5s.), reminds us again of the wonderfully holy souls, outside the ranks of the martyrs, with which God blessed the Catholics of England in penal times. Mother Margaret was one of many, but perhaps she stands out in a remarkable way because of the spiritual experiences with which she was favoured. The combination of the English character with these experiences is well brought out by the author, reminding us how Spanish the wonderfully-favoured St. Teresa remained.

The entertaining volume called **Adam Schall: Astronome et Conseiller Imperial: 1592—1666** (Museum Lessianum: 25.00 fr.) is a French translation of Father Joseph Duhr's abridgment of the large authoritative *Life of the great Astronomer*, written in German by Father A. Vāth, S.J. The book will be found as

inspiring as spiritual reading, as it is illuminating as a study in missionary history and method. We have the authority of a modern writer on African missions that "ideas are hatched by being sat on," but the process was far more gruelling in seventeenth-century China. In the life of Father Schall we have the story of the heroism and tenacity of purpose with which a way was cleared to bring Christ to the Chinese, in the face of criticism from his own brethren and active persecution from Chinese opponents. The toleration of Christianity in China by the edict of March 22, 1692, was the posthumous reward of a life of unremitting labour that ended in suffering and disgrace; it was the justification, too, of the method of approach for which he was so sharply censured. It is possible that the picture of Schall drawn by Father Duhr would have been no less edifying, had he shown some of his weaknesses. Stubbornness, self-will and bitterness, seen in a missionary of such undeniable holiness, help us to understand them in smaller men—those stirrers up of discord who have been responsible for the less edifying pages in mission history.

POETRY.

From Messrs. Fraser, Edward & Co. (Glasgow) comes a collection of poems by a Scottish writer—"Chota Chants" (5s.) by William Hutcheson—whose work well deserves attention. The handling of a wide range of themes is vigorous and versatile, inspired by a sincerity which has both passion and pathos in its scope, with a recurring twist of humour—rather wry at times—but the satire, if bitter, is salutary, and always humane in origin. He has, too, the poetic power to convince with a vivid phrase or image—"cloudy hill and forest-sweetened mile" is a picture in six words—and is an evident lover of the so-called wild things that are "gentle, delicate and free withal," as well as of the fellow-beings of whom he writes with so much insight. Some of the poems, *e.g.*, "To Silence," are already widely known, and there are yet more that merit recognition. "Memoria in Aeterna" has a reticent beauty, and the nostalgic strains of "Kirkfieldbank" and "Duchray Water" are as appealing as the wistful absurdity of "May Morning, 1902"; while the dialect verse, unlike most of its kind, has charm and wit even for the comparatively uninitiated. But a glossary seems called for.

FICTION.

The good name of Catholic Ireland has been so often besmudged by the much-boasted "Liffey school" and all its malodorous works, that we welcome with relief and delight a story of absorbing interest which is told without scoffing at Catholic belief and practice or pandering to evil passions. The story—**Candle for the Proud** (Sheed & Ward: 5s. n.), by Francis MacManus—has for scene the country about Waterford and for epoch, apparently, the eve

of '98, the period of Ireland's enslavement to alien rulers and landlords. In such a background the figures of Father Casey, devoted pastor of a wild flock, and the old schoolmaster and poet, almost equally beloved by a people who revered learning as well as religion, stand out with startling vividness. The author's style is in complete harmony with his subject—the story of a proud man, driven by injustice and want to sell his soul for a pittance but destined to return to spiritual sanity as a reward for saving his old pastor from the gallows. The Irish speech in its dress of English is full of picturesque force, and the author has a keen eye to the varied aspects of nature. But most evident are the unaffected appreciation and natural expression of Catholic values which pervades the whole book.

The publishers tell us that **Brother Petroc's Return** (Chatto & Windus: 6s. n.) is the work of S.M.C., a Dominican Sister. The internal evidence alone would suggest that it was written by one experienced in the religious life, for it is almost wholly concerned with the changes produced in the course of time in the manner of attaining that union with God here and hereafter which is the main purpose of creation. Brother Petroc, accidentally walled-up alive in a Benedictine monastery in the days of Henry VIII's Great Pillage, was found to have miraculously survived when his tomb was opened by another Benedictine community some four hundred years later, and the story turns, not so much on his contact with the modern advance in physical science and material civilization, as with the more complicated aspects of the science of the spiritual life to-day. This alteration the authoress thus sums up, through the mouth of a Jesuit Father (p. 135)—“These [the older orders] disciplined the body to let the soul go free, while St. Ignatius found it necessary to ease the body that it might be strong enough to bear his rigid discipline of mind and will.” St. Ignatius would never have recognized this antithesis. He knew that the aim of all asceticism is to free the soul from the earthward pull of the flesh so that God may be perfectly served. Like all other religious Founders, he drew his inspiration and based his teaching on the teaching of Christ vividly apprehended. His aim was, not only to train apostles, but to help souls of every kind to secure their salvation in the way best suited to them, and he would never have thought it necessary or desirable to change the Church's traditional teaching. His innovations were merely external and only concerned those whose special function was to evangelize his age. This is not to say that his methods have not been misunderstood and abused by the indiscreet and unintelligent, and the authoress very amusingly satirizes some of these extravagances. But we doubt whether, speaking generally, a monk of olden days would have felt so out of place in the modern cloister or even with modern forms of devotional practice. The essentials which are always the

same—Mass, Office, the Sacraments, Faith, Hope and Charity, the replacing of Self by God in interest and aim—are so overwhelmingly important that the accidentals are almost negligible. And just as the modern "schools of spirituality"—that misleading term—freely use each other's books and practices, so we are convinced that the devout of every age would be thoroughly at home in each other's spiritual company. However, Brother Petroc provides an interesting study, and we fancy that he is really meant to teach us that the route of the soul's ascent towards God varies little with the ages.

Never, we are certain, have the spirit and practice of our Catholic religion been more intelligently and attractively presented than by Miss Cecily Hallack in her latest book *Adventure of the Amethyst* (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. n.) which is meant to put before the minds of growing children the real meaning of the world and of human lives. All the cleverness and skill, the playful wit and humour, the deep spirituality and knowledge of the Faith, the delicate fancy and artistic perception, the love of animals and flowers, above all, the sensitive appreciation of the child's mental processes which distinguish in various measure her other books are concentrated in this little masterpiece—a stout quarto of nearly 400 pages!—and she has found in Miss Rosemary de Souza's vivid pen-and-ink drawings and vignettes the ideal illustrations for her purpose. Parents and teachers of youth, on the look out for gifts, should not wait for Christmas, or for birthdays or prizegivings, but secure this admirable volume at once, as one which will not only be rapturously received but will help their own selves enormously to fulfil their sacred obligation of training their charges in the love of God and goodness.

MUSIC.

It is encouraging to hear that Dom Gregory Murray's first book of Short Organ Interludes received so cordial a welcome that a second book with the same title (Rushworth & Dreaper: 2s. 6d.) has been demanded. The fourteen Interludes in this book reach the same high standard as their predecessors. They are simple, and therefore practical for the average organist, beautiful in their melodic and harmonic appeal, and liturgical restraint. Number XXVIII, the last in the book, is fitted with words—*Ave Maria, tu gratia plena*—and may be obtained separately, price 2d. It makes as charming a little Motet as an organ piece. The more organists that take to using Dom Gregory's two volumes during Holy Mass the less we shall have of the slithering uncertainties of casual improvisation.

PERIODICAL.

A comparatively new publication—*Bibliografia Missionaria*, Anno III, 1936 (Macioce & Pisani: 5.00 l.)—though highly useful

to all interested in the Missions, might easily be rendered still more so. One would like to see after every item on the list a few words on its scope, its value for those studying the Missions: at least, mention of the publisher, address and price of each book would make the list more helpful. The preceding two volumes covered 1933—1935. Non-Catholic literature is mentioned only where it touches on Catholic Missions.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Miss Teresa Lloyd has a real gift for writing for children, which is shown again very clearly in two recent books from her pen. **The First Bible Story Book** (Sands & Co.: 3s. 6d. net), which shows Old Testament stories in their relation to the life of Our Lord and His teaching, is written with great simplicity and in a way to catch and hold youthful interest. The exquisite coloured illustrations by an unnamed artist stand out as a feature rarely to be found in illustrations of Bible stories.

It is refreshing enough to come across a modern book on St. Francis which is not spoiled by an over-sentimentalism that hides the real beauty of the Saint's life as effectively as would the decorating of an old master with tinsel and paper flowers: but to find a book—and that intended for children too—which infuses all the St. Francis stories with a real practical significance is remarkable as it is rare. Miss Lloyd has done this splendidly in **St. Francis for Little Children** (Sands & Co.: 3s. 6d. net), a book which a child of seven can readily read and understand, and which older folk will also appreciate. It is written with a charming simplicity and the really beautiful silhouette illustrations are the work of an artist of great talent, Father Dominic Campbell, C.S.S.R., whose name is barely decipherable at the foot of some pictures instead of having a place of honour on the title page.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD.,
London.

A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation. By Saint Thomas More. Pp. x, 301. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Curtain Rises.* Illustrated. By Enid Dinnis. Pp. ix, 192. Price, 3s. 6d. *Is It All True?* By Rev. Aloysius Roche. Pp. vii, 181. Price, 5s. *The Forgotten Paraclete.* By Bishop M. Landrieux. Translated by E. Leahy. Pp. ix, 145. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Roman Breviary.* An English Version. Summer. Pp. cxxiii, 1,055. Price, 15s. *The Holy Sacrifice.* By

Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B. Translated by C. M. Anthony. Pp. 88. Price, 2s. 6d. *Think and Pray.* By Fr. Joseph McSorley. Pp. ix, 242. Price, 5s. *St. Bernard on the Love of God.* Translated by Terence L. Connolly, S.J. Pp. xii, 259. Price, 7s. 6d. *Comfort in Ordeals.* By J. P. de Caussade, S.J. Pp. ix, 129. Price, 5s. *Man and Eternity.* Cambridge Summer School Lectures, 1936. Pp. xiv, 271. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Three Greatest Prayers and The Commandments of God.* By St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by L. Shapcote,

- O.P. Pp. vii, 89 each volume. Price, 2s. 6d. each. *The Franciscan Vision*. By St. Bonaventure. Translated by Fr. James, O.M.Cap. Pp. ix, 74. Price, 2s. 6d. *Watch and Pray*. By Dom Hubert van Zeller. Pp. xiii, 119. Price, 5s. *The Scale of the Cloister*. By Guy II. Translated by Rev. B. S. James. Pp. xi, 41. Price, 1s.
- CATHOLIC LIBRARY SERVICE, Minn., U.S.A.
- The Index to American Catholic Pamphlets*. Pp. 128. Price, \$1.25.
- CHATTO & WINDUS, London.
- Brother Petroc's Return*. By S.M.C. Pp. 201. Price, 6s. n.
- COLDWELL, London.
- Social Message of the New Testament*. By H. Schuhmacher, D.D. Pp. xviii, 228. Price, 8s. 6d. *The Questions of Youth*. By J. G. Kempf, Ph.D. Pp. x, 179. Price, 8s. 6d.
- DISTRIBUTIST LEAGUE, London.
- Communism or Distributism*. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P., and Mr. J. Strachey. Pp. 44. Price, 1s. n.
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